60 CENTS
ICD

JUNE 16, 1970

The End of the Public Schools?

NATIONAL REVIEW

XRP1200D 008R 26 120
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

Back to Segregation, by Order of the Courts.
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A lot of guys would be better off getting neckties for Father's Day.

We happen to think that a bottle of Bourbon makes a great Father's Day gift. Particularly if that Bourbon is ours—Beam's Choice.

But right now we'd rather talk about those fathers who'd be better off getting nothing to drink at all. The ones who haven't yet learned to handle their liquor.

You may wonder why something like overindulgence upsets us—we who are in the business of selling as much Bourbon as we can.

For one thing, a lot of pride goes into the making of Beam's Choice.

Our recipe dates back to 1795. More than a century before Father's Day was invented. Our aging process takes 8 long years. Then we charcoal filter every drop.

So you can imagine how we feel about the man who gulps down our Bourbon instead of savoring it. Much the way a great chef feels when he sees his prize souffle being salted, peppered and ketchupped to death.

But pride isn't the only reason we hate to see a man drink too much of our Bourbon.

We make Beam's Choice for grownups. Rational, sensible adults who appreciate the better things and have learned how to enjoy them.

And we're just as concerned about our product falling into the hands of an irresponsible adult as we are about it falling into the hands of a minor.

We hope that on this Father's Day a lot of fathers, grandfathers and husbands are lucky enough to receive a bottle of Beam's Choice from their loved ones.

And we also hope that the bunch who would be better off with no Beam's Choice at all, are loved enough not to get any.

8 YEARS OLD. 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROBLEM: How to disarm them without endangering the free institutions enjoyed by every American.

SDS "Weathermen"
Yippees
Black Panthers
Student National Coordinating Committee

THE ANSWER...

would you believe it lies in *South Africa?*

Nathaniel Weyl's new book, Traitors' End, *is the first fact-by-fact account of the rise and fall of the Communist movement in South Africa. Weyl reveals how the tactics used by the Reds were chillingly similar to today's revolutionary activities in America. But the big surprise: Rhodesia and South Africa defeated the Communists — by a strategy that stamps out revolution without destroying constitutional freedom!*

FIRST IT WAS mushrooming crime. Then, street and campus riots. Now, open attacks on our legal system, and terrorist bombings.

Our leaders look the other way. Or wonder how they can spend another ten billion dollars. Or reach for the old cliches that even some liberals are beginning to question.

Meanwhile the plain American looks at this breakdown of order and asks himself: can the American system survive? *How?*

Until this book, it never occurred to most of us to turn toward southern Africa. Why should we? We are not South Africa, or Portugal, or Rhodesia.

Yet these nations—friends of America despite their differences, and despite our shabby treatment — have something to tell us. Nathaniel Weyl doesn't claim we should imitate their institutions, but he does show where we can learn from their successful tactics. That is the subject of this challenging new book.

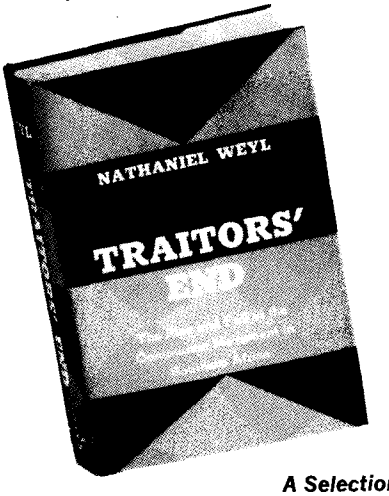
In the 50s and early 60s, the South African Reds were a major menace. Working through the African National Congress and other fronts . . . enjoying support from Bantus, Coloureds, Indians and white Liberals . . . backed by Russia, the Afro-Asian bloc and JFK, the Communists were moving in for the kill.

Yet today South Africa is strong and booming. Rhodesia has passed through the worst of its crisis — in spite of hostility from London and Washington. Angola and Mozambique are slowly beating back the terrorists. It is an amazing story, and a heartening one — the more so because southern Africa is one of the few areas in the world where the revolutionaries are *losing*.

Why they are losing . . . *how* they are being beaten — these are facts we desperately need. And that is why Nathaniel Weyl wrote this book: to show America and the West how to *win — without* giving up our republican form of government, due process, and an independent judiciary.

Nathaniel Weyl travelled widely in South Africa, talked with key people, saw for himself. Result: the only book of its kind. It brims with data never before published in this country:

- Angolan terrorists cut their victims in half with buzz saws—*while the victims are still alive.* Adlai Stevenson defends the terrorists.
- Does Rhodesia *really* neglect its black citizens? Rhodesian statistics on black education compared with those of Liberia, Tanzania, Ethiopia.
- UN brands Rhodesia a "threat to international peace," wins cheers from Arthur Goldberg.
- Churchill's little-known warning about the "black peril" in South Africa.
- "Lord Bunting, Imperialist Bloodsucker."
- More than one million blacks move into South Africa *illegally* — to get in on a little of the "oppression."
- Liberals cast South Africa as "pro-Nazi." But South Africa tears up the script, backs Israel.



A Selection of The Conservative Book Club.

- The new Rhodesian constitution. Is it really so awful?
- South Africa's Suppression of Communism Act: could it work here? Should it?
- Stalin's plan for a separate black nation in South Africa. *And in America.*
- Bantus, stirred up by the Reds, kill a white nun who had taken care of their sick for years — then eat her.
- The Pass Laws: oppressive or *necessary?*
- Exhaustive probe of UN hypocrisies.
- Widespread integration in the Portuguese territories — which the liberals choose to ignore.
- Terrorist tortures and kills thousands, gets feted by the State Department, the CIA, the AFL-CIO, and Mrs. Roosevelt.
- South Africa, where white and black alike live in cities that are virtually slum-free. What is their secret?
- How Rhodesia works with its tribal chiefs.
- South Africa and India: or, run up that old double standard.
- FRELIMO, the Red terror organization whose operatives are trained in Communist China, Algeria, and the USSR — and whose leader is praised by the *New York Times.*
- Natives of Rhodesia vote for independence from Britain — but the liberal press looks the other way.
- The story behind that prestigious plan for the invasion of South Africa.
- Top liberals who back African terrorists: Weyl names names.
- How South Africa outlawed the Communist Party.

RISK-FREE EXAMINATION

May we send you a copy of *Traitors' End* for your risk-free inspection? If not well pleased with it, you may return the book within 30 days of delivery for a refund in full — plus extra money to cover the cost of return postage. Mail coupon with $6.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

To your bookseller or:

ARLINGTON HOUSE · PUBLISHERS FOR THE SILENT MAJORITY

81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801

HOW TO GET THIS BOOK FREE

Would you prefer us to send you this book free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 60 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly Selection, merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail today.

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, *Traitors' End.* My payment of $6.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage. **NR-402**

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ **Send *Traitors' End* free and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months, at 20% to 75% discounts.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many times have you asked yourself that question after sitting through another dull meeting? Really good speakers aren't easy to get these days, it's true—yet it **takes** a good speaker to make your meeting come alive!

Fortunately, you as a conservative **can** get a good speaker for your next meeting — whether it be social, business, student, civic or political. Some of the finest speakers in America are available from Catherine Babcock, Inc. **now**, to help make your meeting a memorable success. And, most important, **they speak your language** — they're all outstanding conservatives.

Just watch the sparks fly when one of these men begins to speak —

- **Charles W. Wiley**
- **Ernest van den Haag**
- **L. Brent Bozell**
- **Russell Kirk**
- **Thomas Molnar**
- **Frank S. Meyer**
- **William F. Rickenbacker**
- **William A. Rusher**
- **Ralph de Toledano**
- **F. Clifton White**
- **Frederick Wilhelmsen**

You won't have to worry about dull meetings or poor attendance when you use speakers and lecturers of this caliber. And it's so easy. All you have to do to get started is drop us a line telling us the name of your organization and when you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 23 JUNE 16, 1970

599 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

594 For the Record
596 Letters
611 Back to Segregation, by Order of the Courts *by James Jackson Kilpatrick*
627 The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*
628 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
629 Delectations *by T. W. Burgess*
644 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
646 Trans-O-Gram

631 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Colin Clark's *Starvation or Plenty?* reviewed by Garry Wills ☐ Guy Davenport on the latest fiction from Grass, Owen and Platonov ☐ *Adam Smith* reviewed by James E. Dornan Jr. ☐ The Freud of the Seventies discussed by Ronald Berman ☐ Ruth Berenson delights in the American *trompe l'oeil* painters

Cover photo: Cosimo Scianna, Inc.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*

WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors
JAMES BURNHAM ☐ JEFFREY HART ☐ FRANK S. MEYER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
C. H. SIMONDS *Assistant Managing Editor*
JAMES P. McFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*
FRANCES BRONSON *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
GUY DAVENPORT ☐ W. H. VON DREELE
M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ☐ RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Associates
PHILIP P. ARDERY JR. ☐ JOHN R. COYNE JR.
JANE B. SMITH ☐ TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
PATRICIA A. CARR ☐ KEVIN LYNCH *Assistant Editors*
AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors
C. D. BATCHELOR ☐ COLM BROGAN ☐ DAVID BRUDNOY
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ☐ A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING ☐ RICHARD CORLISS
RICHMOND CRINKLEY ☐ JOAN DIDION ☐ ANTHONY R. DOLAN
CHARLES FOLEY ☐ NEAL FREEMAN ☐ MAX GELTMAN
NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT ☐ SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE
SIR SHANE LESLIE ☐ SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER
GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ STEFAN T. POSSONY
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER ☐ MORRIE RYSKIND
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM ☐ TIBOR SZAMUELY ☐ ALEC WAUGH
AUBERON WAUGH ☐ FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN ☐ PETER P. WITONSKI

Foreign Contributors: ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN ☐ *Promotion Manager:* EDWARD A. CAPANO
Circulation Manager: H. HALDANE HILL ☐ *Advertising Director:* PATRICK D. MAINES

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1970.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

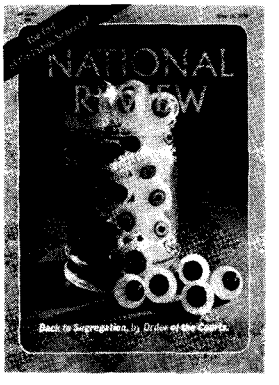
RATES: $20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS ISSUE

■ "Some liberals insist that our commentator, conservative **James J. Kilpatrick**, is four miles to the right of William McKinley," reads a recent ad, taken in *Newsweek* by Washington's WTOP-TV. "Others insist that he's ten miles to the right of Ivan the Terrible. But to those of us who love him he's only a little to the south of John C. Calhoun. At WTOP-TV we know him as Just Plain Kilpo, an articulate advocate of the conservative point of view." Mr. Kilpatrick describes himself somewhat differently: "I am the Number One Pea of the Black-Eyed Pea Society of America. I have bad habits: I am an ashtray dumper, and sometimes dump live ashes into large wastebaskets. I play the piano very badly and very loudly. When I have taken aboard too much to drink, I insist on talking French to the French waiters in French restaurants, and I speak French most miserably. . . . Once, in my youth, I was junior archery champion, Hi-Y division, state of Oklahoma. . . . While at college, I was a cadet in the horse-drawn field artillery, and spent one summer at Fort Leavenworth hauling French 75s up and down hills. I might have wound up in the Great War as a colonel in the cavalry, but as it turned out I was allergic to horse dander and damned near died of the asthmatic wheezes. Horses do not like me, and I am not crazy about them, either. Come to think of it, I don't like coconut, and I wish people would not put soda in old-fashioneds." Mr. Kilpatrick offers an engrossing account of court-enforced resegregation in Dixie and elsewhere. . . . **T. W. Burgess**, who writes of whales and Bequia, ex-sailor, microscopist, farmer, statistician and industrial market research consultant, is now manager of a slipway for yachts, land developer and yacht charter agent. Mr. Burgess left his native England for the Indies because, as he explains it, "God thinks he's Harold Wilson." . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** steps unscathed back through the Iron Curtain to report on visits to Russia and Poland, and on the escalating hysteria of the American news media.



■ Pernicious, says **Garry Wills** of the latest study by populationist Colin Clark. Mr. Wills, whose book *Nixon Agonistes* will be published by Houghton Mifflin in September, has begun a thrice-weekly newspaper column, "The Outrider," which will appear in the *Detroit News* and the *New York Post*. . . . **Guy Davenport** survived the U. of Kentucky's post-Cambodia mini-riot and is presently renovating his new old house and, as usual, writing up a storm. Mr. Davenport's most recent scholarly work is a translation of the sixth-century Spartan poet, Alkman. . . . **James E. Dornan** is in the political science department of Catholic University.

Europa International

✦ ✦ ✦

Moderate investment plus intelligence, integrity and effort can yield a reasonable return and a fascinating job in the travel industry, as a Regional Director of an established and reputable European group tour operator.

✦

Full sales backup, training and assistance given to achieve results at your own pace.

✦

A detailed prospectus of this offer is available on request for two dollars from:

Europa International
4 Poulton Street
Kirkham, Preston
England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ **Gloria Steinem** just hinted at it; **Victor Reisel** says it flat out: **John Lindsay** has decided to try for Democratic Presidential nomination in '72. Reisel adds details on when the decision was made and who was in on it. Reisel's column was followed in short order by a) Lindsay denial and b) **Rockefeller** statement that he hopes Lindsay will support him or at least remain neutral. If Lindsay switches, it's because he'd rather have Democrat **Arthur Goldberg** in Albany than Republican Rockefeller, and he'd also like to have a friendly Goldberg heading the powerful NY delegation at the convention. . . . Meanwhile, and just in case, Kennedyites are moving into Goldberg camp: Brother-in-law **Stephen Smith** will mastermind his gubernatorial campaign, former Bobby aides **Peter Fishbein** and **Peter Edelman** will help him. . . . Moving up in Democratic Presidential race, dark horse **Ramsey Clark**, LBJ's Attorney General who has straightened *that* out by opposing Cambodia, lambasting **Spiro**, visiting U.S. deserters in Sweden, splashily attending Jackson, Miss. funeral, bemoaning Kent State, joining a thousand NYC lawyers who journeyed to Washington to lobby for Cooper-Church amendment. . . . Amusing sidelight on that caper: Sen. **John Williams** (R., Del.) discovered that not a single lawyer in the delegation that urged him to vote for it had read the Cambodia pullout amendment (literal-minded Williams found this strange).

■ On the non-hysterical side: President **Miller Upton** of Beloit College (Wis.) in letter to **Nixon** after Cambodia/Kent State: "I have to concede that you have been more faithful in your leadership responsibilities than we in the academic world have been to ours." . . . **Teddy Kennedy** about student rioters on recent NBC talk show: They'd be more effective if they went out and registered the blacks and worked for peace candidates. "Protest has become too easy in our society." . . . Latest protests have spurred conservative activities on campuses: *CounterPoint*, the **YAF** magazine in Boston area, has put out several special issues; *Logres* is the brand-new publication of conservatives at Princeton; in Pennsylvania, the ACU has organized a state committee, which has brought out new *PCU Sentinel*. (Its No. 1 target in Vol. 1, No. 1 seems to be Minority Leader **Hugh Scott**). . . . You'll never believe it, but there's been a resignation of an important official in the Social Security Administration (SSA) because, says chief actuary **Robert Meyers**, he can no longer stand the way Democratic holdovers in the SSA are undermining the Nixon Administration. (The reason you won't believe it is that you didn't see it on front pages of *NYTimes* and *WashPost*.)

■ Political tidbits: **John J. McCarthy**, a conservative Republican and former Deputy Governor, has entered Massachusetts senatorial primary against liberal Republican **Josiah Spaulding**. Convention is Sept. 15. Winner (whee!) gets to take on Teddy Kennedy. . . . Sen. **Edward Gurney** (R., Fla.) reports Judge **Harrold Carswell** has hired **Richard Viguerie** public relations firm to raise $1 million for his senatorial campaign. Carswell faces tough primary opposition from Rep. **Bill Cramer**. . . . One reason for **Wallace** victory in Alabama was last-minute registering of thirty thousand new voters, most of them white, who signed up between May 5 primary and June 2 runoff. . . . In New York, **Eugene McCarthy** has come out for **Paul O'Dwyer**, in four-way Democratic senatorial contest because of "O'Dwyer's personal support for me in 1968."

■ Where does the U.S. stand internationally? You can tell a lot by what countries have recognized **Norodom Sihanouk**'s government-in-exile: among the Communist nations: Red China, Albania, North Korea, North Vietnam, Yugoslavia, Cuba, but not the USSR and the other Iron Curtain states; among the Arab nations: Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Libya, Sudan, Algeria, but not Jordan, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Morocco, Tunisia; among the black African states: Congo (Brazzaville). . . . Fun: **Gunnar Myrdal** enraged that sixteen tons of medical supplies collected by World Council of Churches and the Swedish Vietnam Committee (which he heads) for North Vietnam have been captured in Cambodia, turned over to **Lon Nol**. . . . Three of the top men in Sihanouk's present entourage are the three ministers he booted out a year or so ago, because, he said then, they were Communists.

■ Jollities of the week: On the political persuasiveness of **Harold Wilson**. If Wilson had been captain of the *Titanic*, quipped one Laborite last week, he'd have persuaded passengers he was stopping to put aboard some ice. . . . In Washington, the new lapel button: "Majority for a Silent Agnew."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little knowledge can be very dangerous. Especially in the stock market.

Some of man's biggest fortunes have been lost in the stock market thanks to half truths, misinformation, hot tips, fast buck schemes and numerous other phony get-rich-quick schemes. Those who made killings were one in a million.

These odds are worse than roulette. Haven't you worked too hard for your money to gamble it away on bits of information, hearsay and distorted tips? Give your money a chance to grow. Subscribe to the RICKENBACKER REPORT *now*.

INDUSTRIAL STUDIES: AMERICAN AND INTERNATIONAL

The RICKENBACKER REPORT gives you much more than just stock market reports. It gives you industrial studies encompassing relevant business, monetary and political information—both American and international.

You get all the tools of information needed to help you invest in the stock market and the many other areas where investments can be made. The RICKENBACKER REPORT provides incisive yet clear and easy to understand information: information that can help you understand the long range as well as the short range implications of situations.

BETTER INFORMATION FOR BETTER RESULTS

The RICKENBACKER REPORT offers professional advice about every conventional avenue of investment: stocks; bonds; commodities and foreign currency as well as some of the unique opportunities in real estate, precious metals, gems and cash.

As former Economics Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, as the best selling author of WOODEN NICKELS and DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, and across many years' experience as an investment analyst, William F. Rickenbacker has built a reputation for superbly accurate financial analysis. But it isn't Mr. Rickenbacker alone who is responsible for keeping his finger on the financial pulse of the world. Mr. Rickenbacker has the added advantage of knowing the right people in the right places that help you get the right information at the right time.

Forty-five times a year, the RICKENBACKER REPORT's team of experts cover all conventional areas of investing. Messrs.

- **Andreen,** Secretary, International Freedom Academy;
- **Horton,** President, Computer Guidance Corporation;
- **Metzemaekers,** Editor, HET FINANCIEELE DAGBLAD;
- **Reuter,** President, Leys, Christie & Co;
- **Ziebarth,** Vice-President, Hayden, Stone;
- & those gallant undercover agents: Mr. S. of the commodity market and the Swiss Banker, Mr. B., better known as "The Gnome of Zurich"

bring you the latest developments from around the globe. For instance:

- Perspective review of the money market.
- Industrial and commercial real estate.
- Gems, gold coins (don't jump to any conclusions).
- Common stocks.
- *Special issue on gold and silver stocks.*
- Review of the foreign financial press.
- Natural resources and the commodity market.
- Government bonds, cash, savings accounts.
- Banking.

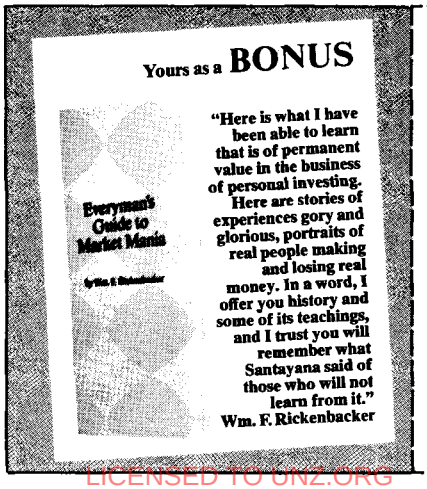
TAKE IT FROM RICKENBACKER

Overall investment strategy; current, in-depth information; the expertise of specialists—Rickenbacker puts these tools to work for you. In the RICKENBACKER REPORT, he gives clear, unhedged buy/sell recommendations. Model portfolios help you tailor his recommendations to your own particular situation.

"I would like to see the careful, wise, and farsighted come through this trial in mint condition. Perhaps then they will have their turn at guiding the policies of this country. What could be more creative and beneficent than this, to provide the means of sheltering the wise from destruction, and saving them for the great and honorable task of rebuilding a country too long at the mercy of the politics and economics of illusion?" —Wm. F. Rickenbacker, DEATH OF THE DOLLAR.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Mr. Rickenbacker invites you to examine his Report without risk. For a bonus copy of his 32 page booklet, EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO MARKET MANIA, and a 3-month trial subscription, send your $30 check to the RICKENBACKER REPORT, Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. 10510. If, within 30 days, you are dissatisfied for any reason, you may cancel your subscription for a full and prompt refund of your fee.


Yours as a BONUS
Everyman's Guide to Market Mania
"Here is what I have been able to learn that is of permanent value in the business of personal investing. Here are stories of experiences gory and glorious, portraits of real people making and losing real money. In a word, I offer you history and some of its teachings, and I trust you will remember what Santayana said of those who will not learn from it."
Wm. F. Rickenbacker

The **RICKENBACKER REPORT**
Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510

Dear Mr. Rickenbacker:

Please start my subscription to the RICKENBACKER REPORT, immediately. Rush my bonus copy of EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO MARKET MANIA (available only to subscribers). I understand that if, within 30 days, I am dissatisfied for any reason, I may cancel my subscription for a full and prompt refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State_____ Zip_____

__My $30.00 check for a 3-month trial subscription is enclosed.

__My $108.00 check for a one year subscription—45 issues—is enclosed.

N-19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

What's Wallace?

Regarding your editorial "George Does It Again" ["The Week," May 19]: After denouncing George Wallace as a populist and worse, how can you write that ". . . conservative Republicans may find some consolation in the related fact that he maintains a position from which he exerts a rightward pull on Nixon"?

Are you equating "right" with "conservative" and the last with Wallace? I may not know my Edmund Burke but I see very little conservative or comforting in any pull which Wallace may exert on the Republican Party. I trust that NATIONAL REVIEW is a conservative and not a rightist publication—and I hope that the difference between the two is apparent.

If you feel there is no difference, perhaps it is time to crack the history books again . . . particularly, the chapters dealing with the *conservative* opposition to Hitler et al. Not that George Wallace is a Hitler; he lacks the latter's dimension and capacity for evil but approximates the political dimension—the rightward pull, as your writer so elegantly phrased it.

Santa Monica, Cal. THOMAS KALLAY

No, Wallace isn't conservative; yes, he exerts a pull to the right on Nixon, to the extent that the "Wallace threat"—Nixon voters switching over to Wallace in 1972 —inhibits him from playing up to the liberal Left. —ED.

Corliss Corrupt?

An irresponsibility that I've complained about for a year and a half now is once again clearly illustrated in the May 19 issue of *NR*.

C. H. Simonds' review of Jerry Rubin's sociopathic book *Do It!* quite explicitly reveals the book for what it is—a social and cultural bankruptcy, dangerous if taken seriously by adolescents who hold similar antisocial attitudes.

A couple of pages further, however, we have Richard Corliss reviewing another sociopathic item, Antonioni's latest decadent film, *Zabriskie Point*. Does Corliss reveal the same infantile ideas in this film as Simonds did with Rubin's book? Hardly. What gushes out instead are the same platitudes and sentimentalities that one expects to hear from Antonioni's own leftist cult.

I simply don't understand the careless attitude *NR* takes toward our foremost artistic medium, but if anyone is interested in an honest review of Zabriskie Point, I suggest the March issue of *Films in Review*, a magazine that could, incidentally, teach Corliss something about critical responsibility.

Williamsville, N.Y. ALAN LITWIN

Friedman Fans

After 23 years of propounding the case for abolishing the FCC among my broadcasting colleagues, you can imagine my gratification at seeing such a respected scholar as Dr. Milton Friedman setting forth his arguments in NATIONAL REVIEW ["The Market *v.* the Bureaucrat," May 19].

The libertarian principle involved here far outweighs the hollow claim that the airwaves belong to "the people" and, therefore, by some strange logic, an *appointive* commission must hold life-and-death powers over licensees, and otherwise inject itself into individual station programming.

The difficulty is station owners fear repercussions from any overt effort among themselves to fight for their freedom against the FCC. Newspapers are reluctant to take up the cry because of the old jealousy and competition-for-advertisers syndrome and, of course, Congress seems never to get turned on over abolishing a federal agency, particularly one which allows the President a few more political plums.

Tiburon, Cal. DON SMITH

In her review of Henry Hazlitt's book, *Man v. the Welfare State* [May 5], Mrs. Peterson states that Hazlitt takes issue with Dr. Milton Friedman on "guaranteed annual income," but her, i.e., Hazlitt's, example certainly doesn't prove it. The only "guaranteed income" Dr. Friedman advocates, according to his book, *Capitalism and Freedom*, is his "negative income tax," which, of course, includes incentive at *all* levels of income.

The key to his plan is in making the subsidy only a *fraction* of the difference between a man's income, and exemptions and deductions allowed him, i.e., when the latter is more than the former. (See his book, p. 192.) Dr. Friedman, I believe, is as opposed to the "guaranteed income" plan explained in the review as Hazlitt is.

Berwyn, Ill. TOM S. COKE

'Twas But a Dream

Re: "Letter from Washington" [May 19]. I fear Cato's memory must be failing him in his old age. I, for one, can remember "the last time a federal agency voluntarily gave up one of its powers." In fact, it was the same agency and the same power; the FPC decided it didn't have jurisdiction over independent natural gas producers, but the Supreme Court decided otherwise and, typically, the Supreme Court won: Phillips Petroleum Co. *v.* Wisconsin, 347 U.S. 672 (1954). However, I thank Cato for the temporary satisfaction I derived —before my memory returned to me— from thinking that something might really be changing in Washington. Maybe next year.

Ann Arbor, Mich. SIMON M. LORNE

Kampus Kapers

Recent decisions in numerous educational institutions—including the one that employs me—to suspend operations for "the balance of the term" call to mind Charles Lamb's *Dissertation on Roast Pig*, wherein the meat was prepared by burning domiciles and outbuildings.

On one level, a summation of Lamb's dissertation might run as follows: The way to fix a pig properly is to destroy his house.

Do you think somebody is trying to tell us something?

ROBERT A. OTTO
Cincinnati, Ohio U. of Cincinnati

In ["The Week," April 21], under the heading "The Way We Live Now," you state that "at San Jose State College in California, they're offering a course in 'gay evolution.'" You then quote a portion of the course description from "the catalogue." Though you imply that the offending course is part of the college curriculum, it is not. It was offered by the student-run Experimental College, an extracurricular concern whose offerings are not credited by San Jose State, with whose educational program it has no connection at all. The Experimental College, I might add, has dropped this particular investigation in interpersonal relations from its catalogue for lack of interest.

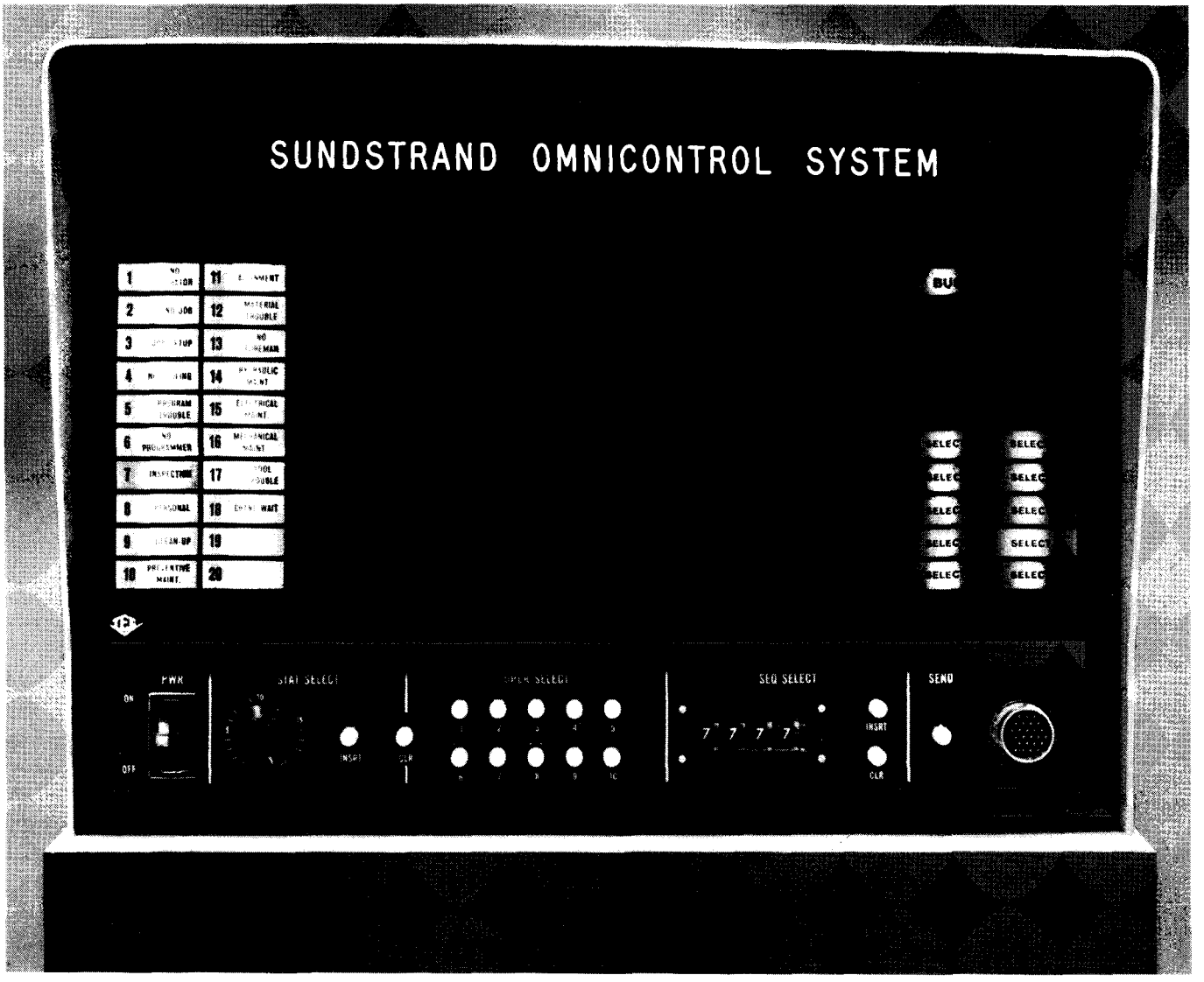
San Jose, Cal. THOMAS WENDEL

Here's Another Card, Vladimir

In reference to the "birthday greetings" to V. I. Lenin [May 5], I was disappointed to see no mention of the first victim of Russian Communist aggression—the Ukraine and its people. Lenin, after declaring his support for the right of self-determination of all non-Russian nations in the former czarist empire, specifically the Ukraine, Finland and Poland, committed armed aggression against the reborn Ukraine, whose democratic government was formed by, and had the support of the overwhelming majority of duly elected representatives. After militarily crushing the freedom-minded Ukrainians, Lenin incorporated them into that prison of nations known as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which in reality is nothing but a continuation of the old Muscovite empire, continuing the same global expan-

(Continues on page 643)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Push these buttons to build a car.

That's not such a wild idea, you know. Factories have come a long way since Henry Ford's assembly line.

Sooner than you think, computer-controlled factories will be commonplace. A man will simply push a few computer buttons to produce a finished product—a car, a television, you name it—in minutes.

We're already successfully marketing control systems for computers that direct machining and transfer of various components. We call it the Omnicontrol system, and its implications for industry are staggering.

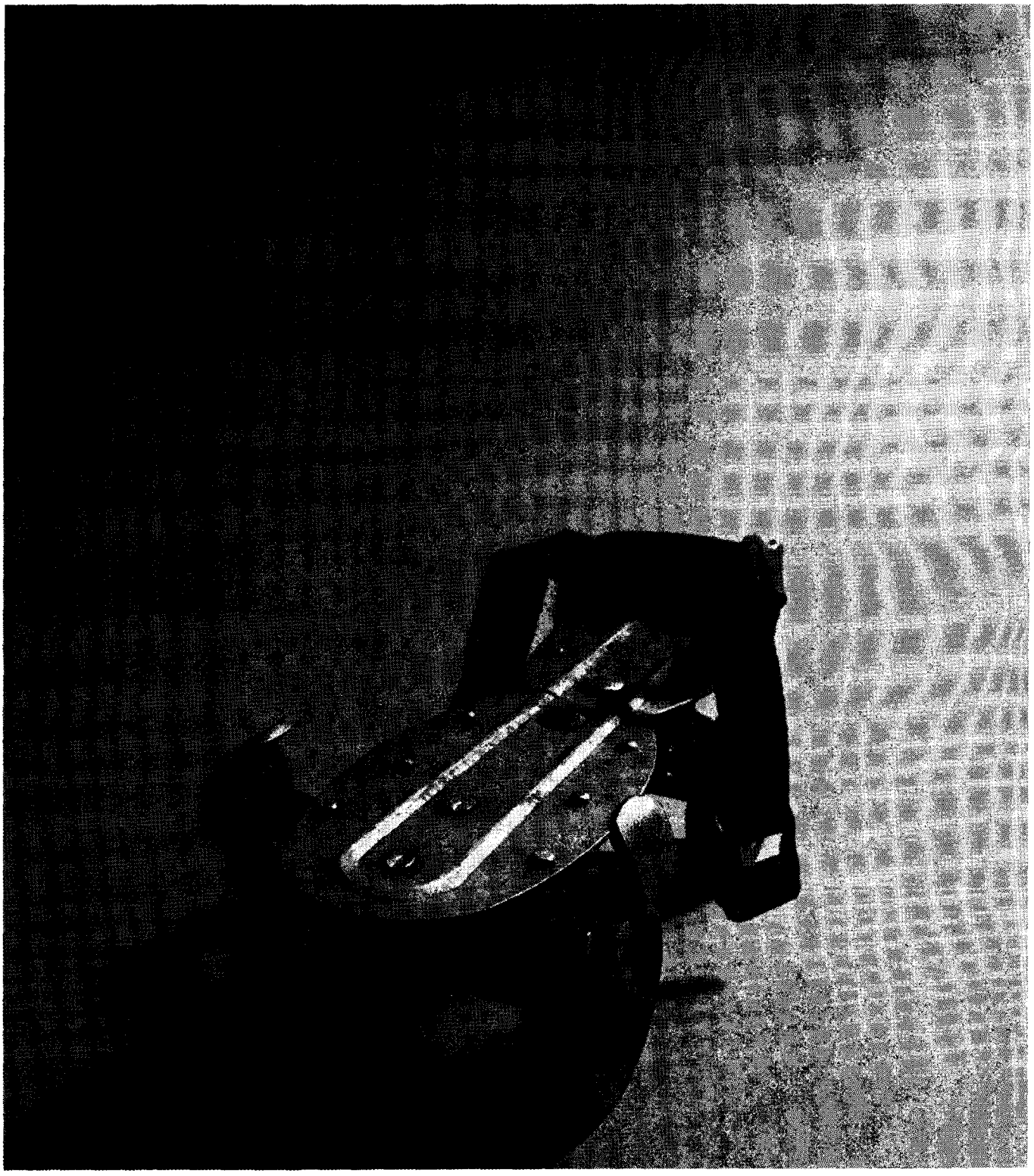
So, the next time someone mentions pushbutton technology, you'll be prepared to take his idea one step further. We've been doing that for years.

The Sundstrand Corporation is a worldwide leader supplying manufacturing systems and machinery, high technology components and systems to original equipment manufacturers in the following industries: electronics, chemicals, metalworking, power and heat transfer, agriculture, transportation, graphics, undersea, aerospace, construction, pollution control, air conditioning and refrigeration.

Sundstrand
Corporation
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS 61101

SUNDSTRAND®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MW-935

Kennametal wheels would never wear down.

Your children would outgrow roller-skating before Kennametal wheels wore down. Kennametal hard carbide alloys wear up to 100 times longer than steel. They can be formulated to resist any abrasive action you can name.

That's why Kennametal has been used for everything from bushings to valve parts. Used everywhere there's a problem with abrasion, corrosion-wear, rigidity, temperature extremes, and even where great mass is required in a very small space.

Nobody's asked us to turn out wheels for roller-skates yet. Chances are you won't either. But if you do have a design problem in which wear is a factor, let us help you solve it. Start by writing for our booklet "Designing with Kennametal." It's full of ideas that could get you rolling. Our address is Kennametal Inc., Latrobe, Pa. 15650. Outline your problem if you wish, or call about it. 412-537-3311.

KENNAMETAL®

The properties of our materials are also listed in SWEET'S, DESIGN NEWS ANNUAL and MATERIALS ENGINEERING Materials Selector Issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ His Excellency Robert M. Hatch, Episcopal Bishop of of the Diocese of Western Massachusetts, on learning that his daughter Louise is a nude dancer in the San Francisco road company of *Oh! Calcutta!*, quoth, "I think it's a great idea to do your thing. I'm eager for her to fulfill her life in whatever way she likes." Jesus was more easily shocked than His servants on earth, no doubt a generation gap.

■ Only two surprises in the June 2 primaries, and one of them, George Wallace's victory, more a minisurprise. But the victory of conservative Republican Anderson Carter over New Mexico's Governor David F. Cargo for the senatorial nomination came as a shock to the pundits. Most other races went according to script, with big names such as Ronald Reagan and John Stennis running unopposed, and others such as Mike Mansfield facing only token opposition. Jess Unruh, in a low-keyed campaign, trimmed Sam Yorty for California's Democratic gubernatorial nod and won the privilege of opposing Reagan in November. Also in California, John V. Tunney, a Kennedyite, edged out George E. Brown Jr., a left-McCarthyite, for the Democratic senatorial nomination. The only real hawk-dove confrontation came in the congressional race in New Jersey's Fifteenth District, where Representative Edward J. Patten swamped antiwar candidate Lewis Kaden by 2 to 1. Kaden's campaign was conducted largely by doorbell-ringing students from Northeastern universities.

■ The Illinois Crime Investigating Commission has published a *Report on the SDS Riots October 8-11, 1969, Chicago, Illinois. Item*: $192,000 in federal funds and $85,000 in Carnegie Foundation funds were paid to organizers of the riot through the (Chicago) Student Health Organization. *Item*: Among the contributors to the Chicago SDS bank account was the American Civil Liberties Union. *Item*: OEO gave $193,313 to an offshoot of the Institute for Policy Studies (Washington, D.C.) at a time when the IPS was subsidizing members of the SDS executive committee and IPS officers were providing bail for the rioters. *Item*: A large number of Illinois SDS chapters are supported by grants from the colleges and universities whose campuses they infest. One other (nonfinancial) item: Of the 284 rioters arrested, the largest single contingent from any university community (nine) was from Kent State University, Kent, Ohio.

■ Months and months of marches, indignation meetings, demonstrations and all the rest couldn't do it. But all of a sudden Huey Newton, found guilty of manslaughter in the death of an Oakland policeman, is free—thanks to a judicial error no larger than a man's hand. An appeals court ruled the judge should have told the jury that if it accepted Newton's contention that he was unconscious at the time of the shooting, it must acquit him. So much for Huey-the-alleged-killer-of-Patrolman Frey; now Huey-the-"chief theoretician"-of-the-Black Panthers will (unless the California Supreme Court reverses the appellate court, which is not likely) again be at liberty to make his genocidal mischief. He has learned his lesson; from now on he will simply tell others to kill policemen, and, shucks, we can't put a man in jail for his opinions, can we?

■ "Gentlemen, I've had enough. I'm throwing in the towel. I have fought for Columbia for the last four years and now I believe that there is nothing left worth fighting for. Let your little friends wave their Vietcong flags. I'm sure my friends who went to Vietnam and never returned would appreciate their youthful idealism. Sit around and debate the war in your cozy senate meetings while Columbia slides into the cesspool. I no longer care. I am leaving Columbia this week to return to my native land, the United States of America, and I only hope its people will take me back." From a letter written by David Carpenter, member of Students for Columbia University, to the Columbia administration.

■ Did Harold Wilson really pick the day for his General Election because June 18 is the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo ("It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. . . . By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there," as Wellington recollected it) or because it is the anniversary of Churchill's 1940 *défi* ("Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say: 'This was their finest hour.' ")? Both the Iron Duke and Winnie give what looks like an accurate assessment of the odds as the horses move into the stretch.

■ Perils-of-Free-Trade Note: Canada's Minister of External Affairs invited forty opponents of apartheid in for lunch, to discuss possible economic sanctions against South Africa. Up to a point, a delightful time was had by all. The napery was snowy, the crystal crystalline, the rhetoric well done and the outrage delicious. And the wine . . . well, somebody peeked under the sommelier's napkin—and the wine was (splutter!) South African. A domestic vintage was hastily substituted. Made from sour grapes?

■ Attention, Non-Conformist U.S. Academicians: A serious and enterprising professor at George Washington University presided at a press conference on May 12 at which he gave the names of a group of professors from a number of colleges and universities in the area who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found "reasonable" the action of President Nixon in Cambodia. The response to this initiative has been gratifying, and the committee has now decided to register the names of college teachers from outside the Washington D.C. area. For details write to Charles A. Moser, Department of Slavic Languages, George Washington University, Washington, D.C. 20006.

■ Berkeley slides closer and closer to the brink. This year, for the first time at any university, a student, Isaac Bonewits, will receive a B.A. in Magic. "Magic is like medicine," explained wizard Bonewits. "It is both an art and a science. I'm not studying it as something dead and historical. I'm studying it as something that has been very badly confused and mixed up over the years but still has application today." Mr. Bonewits plans eventually to become a PhD Magician. Berkeley will encourage him, of course.

■ The Golden Elephant Award for service to the GOP above and beyond the call of duty goes (posthumously) to Colorado Republican Albert Packer, who, according to a recent NBC-TV special, was convicted in 1874 of "killing and eating five of the seven Democrats in Hinsdale County."

■ "Everyone should be free to do good—at his own expense." Milton Friedman.

■ William Kunstler at San Jose State College: "I guess I'm counseling you to avoid the draft—and I guess that's a crime. Well, if the price of saying this is a federal prison, why, then that's the price I'll pay." *When?*

■ Just go to the end of this corridor, bear left, go down the stairs, take the second right after Jack Benny's vault, and you'll see a little door: OFFICE OF LOST, STRAYED AND MISLAID CAUSES. Walk right in, tiptoeing so as not to wake the attendant, and there they are—Black Capitalism, Model Cities (*gee!*); the War on Hunger, Impeach Earl Warren, Appalachia (*no, over there beside the Black-Market Baby Boom*); the Paris, Warsaw and SALT talks; the Classroom Shortage, the Truth about Chappaquiddick, Strontium 90 (*remember, Mildred? That was the year Johnny broke his wrist*); Biafra, School Decentralization, the Workfare Plan (*scarcely any dust on that one*); all of them. Empty spaces, too: "Reserved for Overpopulation," "Reserved for The Environment," "Poisons in Our Food on Loan to R. Nader" . . . Gosh, closing time already. Hope we won't be late for the Cambodia demonstration.

■ All together now; one, two, three—IF YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT, YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE! But wait—should old-enough-to-*fight* be the criterion? Why, it seems downright antediluvian, in this Aquarian age of peace and love and . . . "In Memphis last month, a five-year-old boy was treated for gonorrhea. Investigation by health officials showed that he had had sexual relations with a nine-year-old girl."—*New York Times*, June 1, 1970, p. 24. Slogan, anyone?

Cambodia: E-minus-3

So how does it go in Cambodia, three weeks before we leave it?

1) As regards the capture of supplies, the expedition is an unqualified success. Now the value of the supplies is, as major wars go, nugatory. What is valuable is supplies-located-where-these-supplies-were-located, i.e., a few dozen miles from Saigon. The accomplishment is less the acquisition of these supplies (which for the most part we are attempting to destroy, rather than face the inconvenience of shipping them to South Vietnam), than the denial of them to the enemy.

2) As regards enemy forces, the success is qualified. Most of them, one judges, got away: more than would have got away if we had acted sooner; if we had surprised them, luxuriating in their arsenals. However, those who got away, although they will almost certainly live to fight another day, will fight with a lesser leverage than they exercised before. They will join principal units of the North Vietnamese, elsewhere in Cambodia, or in Laos; or they will attempt to join other NVN infiltrators to the north, who continue to violate the border.

3) The principal achievement is the gradual unification of the political and the strategic realities. Always the strategical reality was clear: South Vietnam could not defend itself, as the President explained a year ago, unless the sanctuaries and supply routes of the aggressors were closed down. The political reality was that the United States did not dare to sponsor the closing of the relevant entry points, for fear that world opinion would classify such a deed as provocative of big-power retaliation. Now the United States is engaged in withdrawing from Cambodia, while the South Vietnamese are making no such moves—quite properly so (American critics tend to forget that South Vietnam is *their* country, and that they are entitled to defend their country by the conventional means). The South Vietnamese presence in Cambodia will mean that the enemy will not be able to regroup, or to resupply the bases destroyed by America's Cambodian enterprise. The greatest immediate danger is the inflammation of the old ethnic and national animosities between the Khmers, in Cambodia, and the South Vietnamese. Self-restraint, and a common devotion to strategic independence, will be necessary in order to make a modus vivendi.

4) Meanwhile, the Indochina-zation of the war means that the nations surrounding South Vietnam are perforce coming closer and closer to the knowledge that America's direct involvement is coming to an end, and that therefore the time has come for all good men to come to the aid of the survival of a non-Communist Asia. This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means that Malaysia will have to come forward concretely, and of course Thailand. That is as it should be—the birth of self-defense, after the long gestation of the Guam Doctrine. If it works, American leadership will be hailed by history. Not by the contemporary people, whose rhetoric makes it increasingly clear that they care more that we should fail in the effort in Asia, if only in order to prove them right, than that we should accomplish the modest objectives we have set out for ourselves.

Wallace!

The re-entry of George Wallace into Presidential politics introduces a wild card into the political deck, and success in 1972 will now require that Richard Nixon, a master gamesman, play his own cards with extreme circumspection. A likely forecast: Wallace will concentrate on the South this time, rather than try to build a nationwide movement. This will mean that in the election he will preempt Nixon votes in the South rather than normally Democratic blue-collar votes in the North. Such a strategy will enable the Wallace presence to exert maximum leverage on Nixonian decisions regarding the Supreme Court, forced integration, tolerance of disruptive protest.

Looking over his cards, Nixon will lead with Agnew, who will pursue Wallace into piney-wood and bayou, through the cotton belt and off across the red dirt country. But will this be enough? Will the potential Wallace voter be convinced that there is indeed much more than a dime's worth of difference between the two national parties, and forego the emotional satisfaction of defying the pointy-heads and voting for George? Nixon may have to play still other cards.

But on the other hand he cannot compete with Wallace for the last indignant Wallaceoid vote up in the hills or hanging around in front of Varner's store, for that would risk votes in Union City and Grantsville and in the spreading middle-American suburbs—definitely not Wallace country. Nixon will pay much attention, too, to those blue-collar voters in the North and West. It will be a game played by canny experts, worth the price of admission.

The First Hurrah?

Something is happening. Evans and Novak pass along unmocked the news that Conservative Party leaders think their man, James L. Buckley, can win a U.S. Senate seat from New York. Joseph McCaffrey, respected liberal commentator for Washington's WMAL-TV, returns from a tour of upstate New York to announce that Buckley may win in "the major upset of the year." Richard McCarthy, one of four Democratic Senate hopefuls, offers himself as "the only man who can beat Buckley." Republican candidates for other offices openly consider dumping their party's candidate to endorse Buckley.

Until two years ago, Conservative candidates weren't taken seriously. Then Buckley amassed 1.1 million votes against the immensely popular, immensely liberal Republican candidate, Jacob Javits. Today just about everyone agrees that he can do even better in a three-man race against Charles Goodell, a Javits in every respect except popularity, and an equally liberal Democrat. Goodell, once a rather obscure and decently conservative congressman, turned sharply left when elevated to Bobby Kennedy's Senate seat. His strident opposition to President Nixon on the war issue has brought him statewide attention and, increasingly, unpopularity (Republicans in at least one upstate county are under orders not to so much as mention Goodell when speaking before veterans' groups). And so Buckley has a ready-made issue: "I am the only candidate," he says up and down the state, "who supports President Nixon." The recently formed Republicans for Buckley, headed by ex-mayoral candidate John Marchi, will be able to make considerable hay on the same theme. Already four key Republican congressmen have let it be known they may endorse Buckley instead of Goodell (an action all but unthinkable as recently as two years ago); when Buckley visited Washington last week, a number of New York Republicans went out of their way to attend a reception for him —duly noted in a headline in the *New York Times.*

As for the Democrats: Their once-impressive machine is in hopeless disrepair. Four antiwar liberals will compete for the senatorial nomination in the June 16 primary. Paul O'Dwyer, aging darling of the New Left, cannot hope for votes in November from the many conservative Democrats upstate, on Long Island and in the four outlying boroughs of New York City. Nor can Richard Ottinger (though he would alienate somewhat fewer oldline Democrats than O'Dwyer). McCarthy would have to overcome an extremely low recognition factor—he is known by fewer New York voters than Buckley. The choice of the party leaders, ex-Kennedyite Theodore Sorensen, would also be hard for the oldliners to take; his campaign would be further hurt by opposition from hip New Politics types, who are already

Areas of Agreement

Senator Cooper and Senator Church
Couldn't care less about who's in the lurch.
Rather like Senator Borah, they think
Foreign entanglements lead to the brink
(Always excepting entanglements we're
Knitting together with Golda Meir).
Nevertheless, for their push to reclaim
Some of the Senate's eroded good name,
Let us applaud! We've been holding the fort
Ever since Franklin tried packing the Court.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ingersoll can get you the metalworking innovations you want.

By looking beyond machine tools for them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Machine tool contributions to today's metalworking advances have been significant. We know because we've had our hand in a fair share of breakthroughs. But your needs for tomorrow are complex situations, in which hardware solutions alone will be inadequate.

And in these situations, the metalworking industry needs to escape the machine hardware solution trap. In order to bring to our clients the necessary wide-angle view, The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company had to define its expertise in two separate and distinct areas.

Thus Ingersoll Incorporated was formed, as our consulting arm. Their operation is one of teamwork with you, to examine, analyze, assemble and present a plan of total approach. They deal, on a full-time basis, with the sort of problems you only need to solve occasionally. So in working with you, we match our specialized objectivity with your user experience.

It's a match we've made for 50 companies, in nearly 100 confidential study reports. We're finishing our sixth professional, paid study for one client right now. What kind of talent do these study teams offer? Men who are well based in the economic as well as the technical requirements of the metalworking industry.

What's back of these study recommendations? The 81 year experience of The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company.

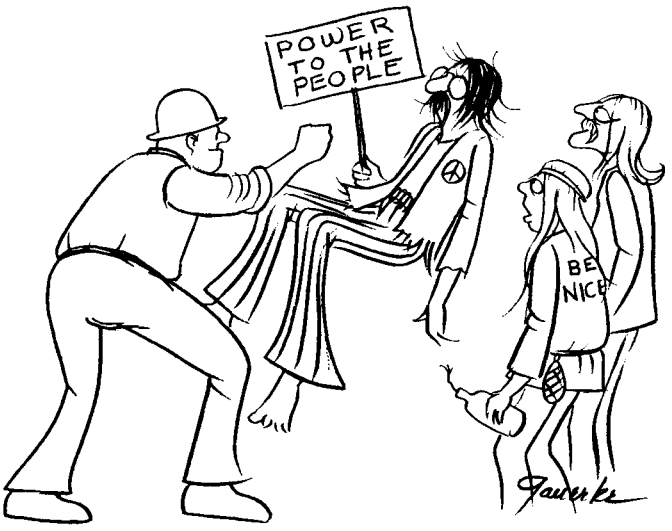
So the chances are that profitable, risk-shrinking solutions to your metalworking problems are within reach.

Ingersoll's kind of solutions.

The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company
Rockford, Illinois

Get Ingersoll involved. INGERSOLL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Call Mayor Lindsay fast! The people are fighting back!"

attacking him as an opportunistic hack and no liberal at all. No matter who wins June 16, the forecast is a big desertion of Democratic voters to Buckley.

For years, Conservative candidates were denounced as spoilers who served only to get liberal Republicans elected. A vote for Marchi in 1969 or William Buckley in 1965 was said to be a vote for John Lindsay; a vote for Paul Adams in 1966 was a vote for Nelson Rockefeller; a vote for James Buckley in 1968 was a vote for Javits. Conservatives were unmoved: Since the founding of their party in 1962, they have insisted it is needed to exert a rightward pull on the New York Republican Party, comparable to the leftward pull exerted on the Democrats by the Liberal Party. Now in 1970 the feeling grows that a vote for Buckley is by no means a vote for Goodell. If Buckley wins, the national GOP will gain effective support for President Nixon in the Senate, where it is badly needed; the New York GOP will surely realize that next time around, it must nominate a genuine Republican.

Decision or Drift?

It is obvious to everyone that the scale and intensity of fighting in the Mideast is rising week by week. It is not at all obvious what the United States intends to do about it, or to refrain from doing. The danger rapidly increases that this country may be merely drifting into what may soon become a catastrophic situation from which we will not be able to extricate ourselves, rather than making an informed, deliberate decision beforehand about what course we ought to follow. The frenetically worded call of the 73 U.S. Senators for the immediate dispatch of advanced aircraft to Israel (see below) showed how far along the drift has already taken us.

The Mideast problem is so shrouded in taboos, special interests, fears and passions that reasonable discussion is exceedingly difficult. It is not difficult but impossible, we believe, to reach an objective conclusion about the moral merits of the contestants. The moral debate has become, for each side and each apologist, little more than selective, self-serving rhetoric in which to plead the partisan case.

The national interest, very broadly understood, offers the only basis from which a rational decision might be objectively derived. Of course, the facts, probabilities and possibilities are so complex, confused and in some cases obscured that even analysis in terms of the national interest—itself a sufficiently ambiguous concept—is not likely to reach a conclusion able to convince those who are deeply precommitted to one side or the other. But for an American Administration, charged with the defense and well-being of *this country*, it is the best guide available.

From the standpoint of the American national interest there is no direct reason for a unique interest in or commitment to any one of the Mideast nations. To put the point in plain language: There is no objective or direct reason for a closer strategic liaison to Israel than, say, to the United Arab Republic or Saudi Arabia. In truth, the Arab region in its entirety, with its 115-million population and 25 nations stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf, would rate far higher than Israel on a purely strategic scale.

The only argument *within the framework of national interest* for assigning a higher (or unique) priority to Israel is indirect: the contention that Israel is the only "pro-Western" Mideast state, that the Soviet Union now dominates the entire Arab world, and that Israel is thus the only "bulwark" against total Soviet takeover. All three of these propositions are open to question. Israel is, as it should be, pro-Israel first, last and always, and its public policies are pro-Western when, and to the extent that, pro-Western policies serve Israeli purposes, which is by no means invariably. A number of the Arab nations have been, and many still are, as frequently pro-Western in their actions as Israel has been. The Soviet Union has greatly increased its influence in the Arab world, but does not yet dominate any of the Arab nations, and has an influence in many of them (Morocco, Tunisia, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Lebanon etc.) secondary to that of several of the West European nations (France, Britain) as well as the U.S. Even in the case of the UAR, massive Soviet military aid has not brought Soviet political dominance. The fact is that the Arab governments—though they want to get as much as possible out of the Soviet Union and of course have to make concessions to get it—are not Communist and are opposed to Communism. They like to run their own countries themselves.

It is plain, on the record, that the conflict with Israel is what has pushed some of the Arab nations, most importantly the UAR, close to the Soviet Union. Nasser wants arms to fight Israel, and he can nowadays get them in quantity only from the Soviet Union; QED. Action and reaction are related with Newtonian inevitability. Israeli fighting power, thrusting (as it has been since 1967) far beyond the Israeli borders into the UAR,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jordan and most recently Lebanon, evokes the increase or attempted increase of counterfighting power in the Arab nations, and that must (under the circumstances) be drawn partly from the Soviet Union. This in turn brings with it an increase in Soviet influence.

This is why it would be a grave mistake, from the standpoint of U.S. interests, to provide the Israelis with more fighter-bombers. The inevitable result will be to shift Arab opinion, even in the moderate and on the whole friendly Arab nations, further and more bitterly against the U.S., compel them to seek—and doubtless get—still more and more formidable arms from the Soviet Union, increase Soviet influence, and escalate the Mideast conflict toward the critical point of a direct Soviet-American confrontation.

Israeli policy, as *NR* has remarked before, has for some time been aimed precisely at bringing about such a confrontation. But should U.S. policy drift along in the Israeli wake? *NR* does not rule out the need to face the risk of general war under special circumstances, but surely we should not move carelessly toward unwanted, avoidable, counterproductive crises? We are sure that this is the opinion also of the overwhelming majority of the people, among them, we would guess, nearly all of the 73 senators, who, with their eyes too narrowly on their political ploy, have failed to take into account the further consequences of their proposal.

Does it follow that the U.S. should simply stand aside? Sentiment apart, a solution that left Israel still in being would be more advantageous to American interest as well as to American sentiment; for one thing, it is useful to have a counterweight to Arab maneuvers.

But *is* there any solution that might conceivably work, at least well enough? Certainly there is. It was outlined in the proposals voted *unanimously* on Nov. 22, 1967 by the UN Security Council. Essentially, the UN proposed: 1) an Israeli pullback more or less to the June 1967 border (with some possible adjustments); 2) Arab calling off of the state of belligerency with Israel; 3) free access for Israeli and all other ships to the Suez Canal; 4) reasonable settlement of the Palestinian refugee question. These proposals seem fair enough and, if adopted and carried out under international guarantees, capable of bringing about at least a tolerable situation. But the belligerents won't accept them? (The UAR has declared it would accept, though its spokesmen have mumbled on the renunciation of belligerency; Tel Aviv has denounced them.) It does not follow that the major nations must accept the rejection and forget the proposals. Putting it bluntly, the United States has the power to force Israel to take a more reasonable attitude in evaluating the UN proposals—*and should use it*. If they are correct, or at any rate the best at hand, the major nations have plenty of power of a variety of sorts to compel acceptance and guarantee performance. If the Soviet Union would join the U.S., France and Britain in deciding to do so, it would be a cinch. Even without the Soviet Union, the three Western nations might carry it through on their own. But even if this solution is not feasible in the near future, why shouldn't the U.S. Government actively put it forward as what ought to be and can be done? And why shouldn't U.S. influences and resources be used to push and pull *both* belligerents toward this solution rather than toward expansion of the scale and threat of the combat?

The Political Campus

The American move against the Communist sanctuaries in Cambodia produced a quantum jump in the politicization of the American academy. The widespread suspension of classes, the granting of academic credit to students engaged elsewhere in political agitation, the establishment of permanent political-action organizations within the institutional structure—these and other cognate phenomena pointed to an inescapable conclusion: that politics had moved into a position of primacy on some campuses, and that a great many campuses are to a substantial degree politicized.

Item: Thirty-seven college presidents sign a letter to President Nixon condemning the war, and do so not as individuals but as representatives of their institutions. *Item*: Under left-activist pressure, MIT severs relations with the Instrumentation Laboratory. *Item*: Ordinary admissions and grading standards are set aside, and programs—often bogus—in black studies are introduced. *Item*: Yale goes on strike in connection with the Black Panther issue; President Kingman Brewster issues indefensible and incendiary political pronouncements; Princeton decides to suspend classes for two weeks next fall to allow students and faculty to electioneer. *Item*: Henry Kissinger wryly remarks that he is a "war casualty" as far as returning to his academic post is concerned; perhaps he can join Rusk at Georgia or Rostow at Texas. Academic freedom is a joke. *Item*: Yale Law School, Dartmouth and other colleges establish "permanent" organizations in Washington for political purposes. *Item*: At Hunter College in New York City and elsewhere, leftist students demand 50 per cent representation on hiring and tenure committees; other institutions are undergoing various kinds of "restructuring" to make them more "relevant"—i.e., politically active in a left-wing way.

Cambodia did not of course bring all this about. Rather it brought suddenly into the open a deep and pervasive process long under way. During the past few years, for example, we have seen the academic professional associations politicized. In the social sciences, methodological doctrines have come to the fore which are the modern equivalent of Marx's view that the job of philosophy is not to understand the world but to change it. "Objective" history and social science are increasingly discounted.

The academy has always been to some degree, at least in America, a "critical" institution. The very fact that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oswald: Fiat Lux

Lyndon Johnson is now known to have expressed doubts about the Warren Commission Report in the uncut version of his final TV interview. That Johnson's intuitions here are justified is demonstrated by Albert H. Newman's *The Assassination of John F. Kennedy: The Reasons Why*, which has just been published (Clarkson Potter, $10).

Newman's subtitle focuses on one of the main problems: Oswald's motivation. Here much confusion has existed. The Report assigned motives of such generality as to be meaningless, and left the impression that Oswald was probably mentally disturbed. William Manchester (*The Death of a President*) agrees. Noting that Oswald had tried to kill the right-wing General Edwin Walker and then had shot the liberal Kennedy, Manchester concludes: "The explanation is simply that this was not a rational mind." Thus, Oswald was crazy—a regrettable fact, but not a *serious* one: There are no political implications.

The Report, as issued to the public, attempts to summarize 26 volumes of hearings and exhibits. Albert H. Newman, former managing editor of the *Reporter* Magazine, has spent six years sifting through this evidence and also investigating on his own. He comes up with the startling conclusion that the Report does not even faithfully reflect the material accumulated in the volumes of testimony and exhibits.

Was Oswald mentally ill? The weight of the evidence says he was not. But if not insanity, then what?

Newman demonstrates beyond all doubt that Oswald was an intelligent and committed Marxist, had been one since his youth, and remained one until his death. "From the testimony and exhibits amassed by the Warren Commission, it is demonstrable that the rational individual (rational, that is, in terms of his beliefs) who murdered the President was a follower of Fidel Castro with Trotskyite leanings." Oswald had sympathized with the Rosenbergs at the age of thirteen; after their execution he refused the ordinary flag salute in school exercises. Six years later, as a defector in Moscow, he cited the Rosenberg case as his Marxist awakening. Disillusioned in Russia, he returned to the U.S., but did not cease to be a Communist. He quickly joined the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party and became an inveterate reader of Marxist publications and a supporter of Fidel Castro. The photograph of Castro adorned his mantlepiece. He left behind 173 handbills reading "Hands Off Cuba! Join the FPCC (Fair Play for Cuba Committee)." Newman presents evidence that he listened to nightly Havana propaganda broadcasts on his Russian shortwave radio. After the assassination he told interrogators that he had "read about everything written by or about Marx," and that "Karl Marx was his religion."

THE DEVOTION to Castro, Newman shows, was consuming. When he ordered a revolver he used the pseudonym Alek Hidell. "Alek" had been his nickname in Russia. "Obviously, 'Hidell' is 'Fidel' with the 'F' dropped and an 'L' for 'Lee' and an 'H' for 'Harvey' wrapped around the remaining 'idel.'"

Newman's fascinating reconstruction of the events leading up to Kennedy's death involves a very close reading of the evidence. A brief summary: For at least ten months prior to the shot at JFK, Oswald had been planning to shoot General Walker and escape via Mexico City to Cuba, gaining political asylum by presenting documentary evidence that he was the assassin. Newman shows that Walker bulked much larger in the ideological milieu inhabited by Oswald than he did in the normal American consciousness. From Marina's testimony it is evident that Oswald, like the *Worker* and the *Militant*, considered Walker the center of a fascist conspiracy and an imminent führer. To aid in getting into Cuba, Oswald prepared a notebook dealing with the prospective assassination, and photographs showing him with the rifle and with Communist publications. He made preparations to get Marina to Russia with their daughter; from there she was to rejoin him in Cuba.

When he missed Walker, he burned the notebook, but retained the photos: They, but not the narrative, would be relevant to a second attempt. He also tried to secure a better rifle. Meanwhile, Newman shows, the nightly Havana radio maintained an almost incredibly scurrilous barrage against President Kennedy: He was a pirate and a murderer. Castro himself described Kennedy as criminal, and as personally responsible for "a river of blood" in Cuba.

OSWALD attempted Walker's assassination, assassinated Kennedy and, on one occasion, started to leave his apartment with a revolver saying that he was going to kill Richard Nixon. In each instance, the prospective target had just made a highly publicized recommendation for action against Castro, Kennedy's in a speech in Miami November 18.

From Oswald's Castroite perspective, Walker, Nixon and Kennedy were all fascists. Kennedy, however, was a "target of opportunity." Oswald did not learn that Kennedy would pass beneath the Book Depository until five days before the assassination. And when he decided to kill him he recognized, rationally, that he himself would probably die too. He left most of his money and his wedding ring behind for Marina.

Newman adds greatly to our knowledge of Oswald's intentions after the shooting. Acting coolly, Oswald succeeded —to his own surprise—in getting out of the Book Depository. He then revived the earlier plan of killing Walker, returned home for his revolver, and set out in the direction of Walker's office-residence—only to be intercepted by Officer Tippit.

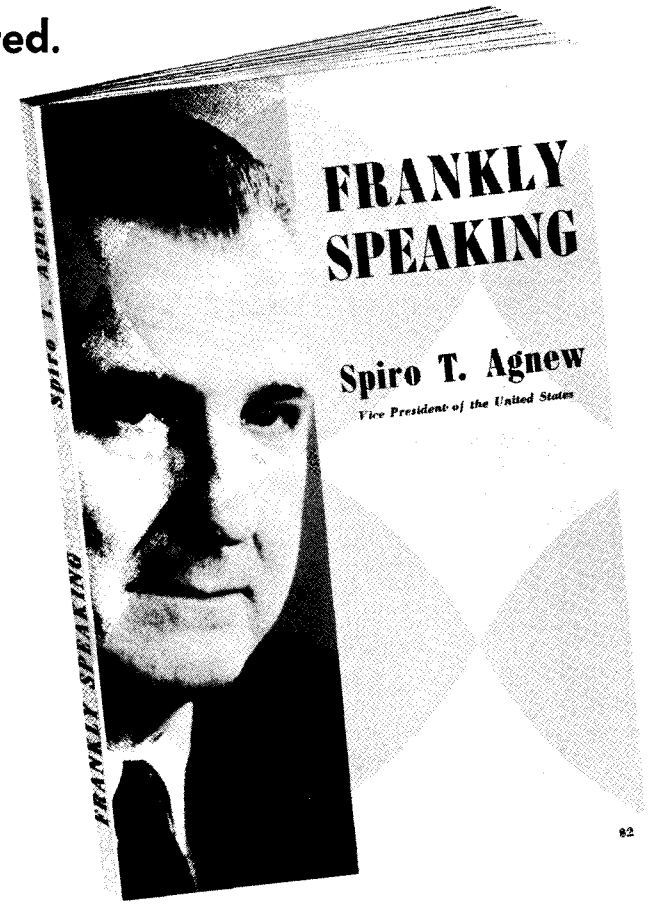
For his defense attorney, significantly, Oswald requested John J. Abt—who had made a career of defending accused Communists, and who had recently represented the spy Col. Rudolph Abel.

In some of the most startling pages of the book, Newman is able, with a good deal of plausibility, to reconstruct the "profile" of one of Oswald's associates in the attempt on Walker, and to give his likely area of residence in Dallas. The description is detailed enough to suggest prompt recourse to the Dallas police files and to the 1963 subscription list of the *Militant*.

The Assassination of John F. Kennedy: The Reasons Why deserves wide and careful reading. It is a major work of scholarship and analysis. And it establishes beyond possible challenge that Oswald was a political assassin, motivated by Communist ideology, rather than an isolated misfit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's a terrific one-time-only opportunity: get your own copy of "Frankly Speaking," Vice President Spiro Agnew's controversial new book, FREE with your *National Review* subscription (new or renewal). Act now! Supply limited.



Vice President Spiro Agnew speaks out:

"I believe in constitutional dissent . . . But I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit my approval or even my silence . . ."

"A society which comes to fear its children is effete. A snivelling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages."

"We seem to be approaching the age of the gross."

"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

"I do not overstate the case. If I am aware of the danger, the convicted rapist Eldridge Cleaver is aware of the potential."

"It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."

Here's how to get your FREE copy:

Just renew your current *National Review* subscription (new subscriptions are welcome too!). No matter when your current subscription expires, we'll extend it for a full year and send you the book free and postpaid. You pay no more than the regular $12.00 yearly rate. Just rrrip out the card facing this page (we'll bill you later if you prefer). Mail it today, we may never repeat this special bargain offer again.

"Frankly Speaking" by Vice President Spiro Agnew is an unusual book by a unique Vice President. Never before has a modern Vice President been so outspoken or so bold in his opinions on the most crucial issues facing America. Agnew takes on student radicals, university professors, Vietnam War critics, the TV networks, "The New York Times"—in addition to airing his views on the effectiveness of contemporary education, what a republic should be (and what it ***shouldn't*** *be), plus many other controversial subjects. This book is a collection of the famous Agnew speeches that you have heard and read so much about—and that have drawn such heavy fire from the liberal establishment. ("Radicalism in Our Midst," "Racism, the South and the New Left," "Impudence in the Streets," "The Politics of Protest," "Education For What?," and "The Responsibilities of Television" to name just a few titles.) This is your chance to find out* **exactly** *what Agnew said at the time. You'll enjoy reading (and quoting from) this lively, fascinating book. Just published, it sells for $2.00.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it has had as its premise the view that all ideas are to be critically examined has inevitably produced tensions between academy and surrounding society. But what has happened during the past decade, or perhaps a little longer, is that the academy too often has moved from criticism to alienation and enmity. For demonstrable sociological reasons, and through a process of self-selection, the faculties have been increasingly politicized and radicalized. Furthermore, and ominously, the student population—abstracted from the community, concentrated on the campus, emotionally uncertain—has grown to the staggering number of seven million.

Naturally, the aggressions of the academy have begun to evoke counter-responses. In California the state legislature, responding to bipartisan public outrage, is now moving in effect to reduce UCal faculty salaries next year by a thumping 5 per cent to compensate for property damage on the campus. Insurance premiums for UCal have increased fivefold, with the "deductible" clause jacked up from $250,000 to $1 million. Rates at Stanford have doubled, at Northwestern quadrupled.

In the recent June 2 primary, New Mexico voters rejected Republican Governor David Cargo's senatorial candidacy, and the upset victory of his conservative opponent was generally attributed to public indignation over uprisings at the University of New Mexico.

At many of the private Eastern universities, alumni contributions have fallen off seriously.

Most important of all, rumblings are beginning to be heard in Congress concerning the academy's traditional tax exemption. In fact, there can be no doubt whatsoever that many institutions have already violated the conditions under which they receive exemption.

In objective historical terms, it is much too late to waste time in deploring the direction in which the academy is moving. The split between a substantial portion of the academy and the community is in fact only one consequence of the world revolution that has opened so many divisions within the West. The practical problem before us is to limit the damages this seceded wing of the academy is capable of inflicting upon society, and to restrict the power of the ideologues operating from within their privileged sanctuaries.

This week, Mr. Lawrence Fertig, the lay economist and writer, resigned from the Board of Trustees of New York University, on which he has served for eighteen years, in protest against its politicization. His gesture of disavowal is easy to understand. But surely it is second best to arousing the trustees to resist more forcefully the paramilitarization of American higher education. If the trustees do not act forcefully, the state legislatures, and the people directly, will assert themselves. And the colleges need to reflect on the principal datum of their situation, namely that they are totally dependent on the outside community. They are, as it were, living as enclaves, on the sufferance of the providers who surround them. Maybe it would be good to send the academics back, for a while, to tilling the soil, and providing their own bread.

Say It Again, Spiro

In Houston the other day, Vice President Agnew spoke about his critics, offering some samples of the moderation accorded President Nixon and himself by the media. On the *Washington Post*: "And when the President referred to some college-based criminals as bums—these were people who had burned up a professor's life work—the *Post* was beside itself. It fulminated as follows: 'A gratuitous clop . . . a page from Vice President Agnew's copybook . . . campus unrest is simply being exploited by the Administration. . . . Hate the dissidents, excoriate the 'bums,' see if you can match Mr. Agnew

"What'cha gonna do about it, kid?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in hurling names at them.' That was the hysterical view from the *Post*'s Ivory Tower where that master of sick invective, Herblock, also works. He reached a new low with a cartoon showing a National Guardsman in the aftermath of the Kent State tragedy with a box of live ammunition—each bullet bearing a phrase from my speeches. Except one. That bullet was labeled 'college bums' in honor of the President."

On the *Times*: "Meanwhile, at the other end of the Washington-New York axis, the *New York Times* was thoughtfully contemplating events. A 'military hallucination,' it called the President's [Cambodia] decision and it sternly warned one and all: 'If the President does not promptly pull back from this dangerous adventure, Congress will have to assert its constitutional powers of restraint.'

"The *Times* columnists were less restrained. Anthony Lewis, writing from London, said: 'The President of the United States, in a maudlin personalization and simplification of complex political issues, makes war a test of his own and the nation's manhood. . . . By this action President Nixon has calculatedly chosen to widen the division among the American people, to inflame instead of heal.' . . . James Reston, the *Times*' premier columnist, writing from Washington on May 10, after the weekend of student demonstrations, saw fit to equate me with Jerry Rubin as an extremist. Mr. Reston did not bother to amplify on this comparison. But so that the *Times* and its editors and columnists can be kept in proper perspective, I would like to quote to you a few comments that the incendiary Mr. Rubin made on the Kent State campus one month prior to the confrontation that brought the student deaths there. The *Akron Beacon Journal* reported that he told an audience of 1,500: 'Until you people are prepared to kill your parents you aren't ready for the revolution. . . . The American school system will be ended in two years. We are going to bring it down. Quit being students. Become criminals. We have to disrupt every institution and break every law. . . . Do you people want a diploma or to take this school over and use it for your own purposes? . . . It's quiet here now but things are going to start again.' To suggest that I am guilty of this type of incendiarism is in keeping with the irresponsibility that the *Times* manages to achieve on its editorial page."

Mr. Agnew dissected them all. The *New Republic*, *I. F. Stone's Bi-Weekly*, *Life*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, Pete Hamill, Carl Rowan and Harriet Van Horne. Then he summed up: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard a lot of wild, hot rhetoric tonight—none of it mine. This goes on daily in the editorial pages of some very large, very reputable newspapers in this country . . . assailing our ears so incessantly we no longer register shock at the irresponsibility and the thoughtlessness behind the statements."

Dieu et Mon Droit

In Britain, they don't mess around.
When Wilson's Labor Party found
The "coloreds" pushing 3 per cent,
Most colored immigration went.
Now Edward Heath, who'd much prefer
To be the Queen's First Minister,
Endorses bounties for each black—
Provided they'll agree to pack.
Meanwhile, for members on each aisle,
It's very much the current style
To posture, carry on and *scream*
At Capetown's all-white cricket team.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

Vietnam

Dear Mr. Buckley,

Well, I've been wanting to write this letter to you for some time, ever since I read your December 1st article entitled "My Galatea" in a recent copy of *NR*. It concerned yourself and a nineteen-year-old marijuana-fiend who was also a college sophomore (who else?). I believe your argument against a good smoke was that it rendered the uh, ah, victim practically incapable of breathing on his own, much less driving his car on the open road. Your cause for concern is commendable; however, your basis for making this judgment is obviously grossly lacking in any *real* familiarity with the subject.

I take the liberty to presume that I may consider myself an expert on the subject of marijuana, having smoked it steadily now for a period of almost a year. And I have smoked some of the best grass in the world . . . stuff that's just dripping resins, it's so heavy . . . stuff you can make the plywood flow with! I've been stoned in about every situation one can be stoned in while serving with the military in Vietnam: stoned on guard and guardmount, stoned on the job, stoned in the orderly room, stoned at mail-call, at chow, at the PX, riding in military vehicles down good old Highway 1 (one), stoned for bigass, grooving on this lush green country, on the serene setting of the various hamlets and bombed-out buildings, tripping out, so to say, from the fortress, er, combat support base for a few carefree moments of driving all over this place stoned supremely, yeh, righteously (in the non-Biblical sense).

So I *know* what it's like to drive when you're stoned. Look, there are regularly scheduled convoys driving on Highway 1 right now. Those guys who drive, they could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell you about driving all the time while stoned. Who is under more pressure than they are? And who else drives stoned in the maniac traffic over here as well as they do? No one else. And they dig it! If this is not adequate proof that one *can* smoke and maintain his cool, then Reason itself is a lie. If *we* don't know the score on grass, who does?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying *all* the people in Vietnam smoke. But I know for damn sure many of them do! There are still a *few* juicers around. You can find most of them at the NCO clubs crying in their beer (just five more years, just five more till retirement!). But among the younger EM, well, man, in an increasing number of units we are smokers anonymous all around. In fact, I'm stoned right now! Bet that sure surprised you, didn't it? I can see it now:

Buckley to secretary, whoever: "I can just see this guy right now. He's probably sitting at a desk, slumped over his typewriter in a doped stupor, the smoke from that killer-weed staining the air to smokey poison, his stereo tape set blasting out with those hot, frenetic, driving sounds of Santana (or is it Satanic?), feeling that insidious dope creeping socialistically through every single pore of his golden, glowing, warm body. Oh, it's so tragic. If this child only realized. . ." (Close with a sad nodding of the head . . . ah, the glory that was Rome!) Tsk. Tsk. And you know something? You'd be right about the typewriter, the music, the smoke, the golden, glowing, warm body. But that's about as far as it would go, your understanding, I mean.

I know very well that you don't know what you're talking about when you put down grass, categorically. By the way, have *you* ever smoked, I mean seriously, with good stuff and plenty of time to get to know it? Like a combat tour in Vietnam? No, you sure haven't. So, instead of arbitrarily (and I don't care what that *New York Times* doctor says, he hasn't made this scene here *either*!) denouncing grass as yet another in a continuing series of vile, corrupting elements which by prior arrangement are aiming to pull the pillars down, why don't you transport the entire principality of Sharon, Connecticut to some freer place in the world, like Mexico, Morocco, India or . . . Vietnam? And for a year, say, just sit around smoking good pot and rapping, and listening to good sounds, eating great food (I know you dig) . . . in short, discovering you like your supposedly lost humanity. You would see, as I now see, that Western Man *can* be born anew, that the Second Coming will be when mankind collectively rediscovers his soul. Our soul is not lost. It is before our eyes this very moment. But we are trying to see it with eyes out of focus, eyes blurred by the direct glare of too much Reason and too little Reality about this life we have. The smoke that's gotten in our eyes came to us from every righteous Crusade (in the Biblical sense), every pogrom, every witch-burning, every technologically efficient smoke stack over Auschwitz. *That's* a vile, insidious, corrupting element! But the smoke that's gotten in my eyes recently and the eyes of thousands of other young Americans over here, that smoke took the blur *from* my eyes!

Man, if you could only experience it like we've experienced it here. Look, I don't think you're a bigot, and I agree with a lot that's on your mind. I want to see the good things of the West preserved also, but I know, man, now really, be honest, just how much do you *personally* know for *sure* about mari . . . juh . . . wanna? I would just love to sit down with you over a good, righteous bowl and *both* get just super stoned and then just rap and rap. I know it would be very heavy, 'cause I know you have a heavy mind. But you, like all of Western Man, need an honest, intense experience with grass, doo, herbs, canabis, dope, mari . . . juh . . . wanna, because when it's all over, you know it can't be bad! Notice I'm not talking about the heavy, dangerous drugs. I'm just talking about grass.

Look, I'm sitting here and I just realized what I want to do. I want to write an article for NR, with a title like oh, uh, . . . "Vietnam, Where the Middle Turned on" or "Pot's Progress," or "Finding Jesus with a J," or "I Found My Soul Under a Stone," "Rainbow-Man and Doodrop at the Front." (Doper's Delight, maybe?) No, seriously, I'd really like to do that. I know I could write an interesting and worthwhile piece. You know, how a typical middle-class straight guy from a very conservative small-town background drops out of college, joins up and goes to Vietnam, there to encounter head-on that, that *stuff* (gloriosky!), which he has been using and experiencing and becoming somewhat of an authority on for almost a year now. I could tell what it's done for me, what it's done for others, what it can and can't do, the principles of smoking to grow and learn or smoking to crash and burn. Yeh, I could write some good things for your magazine.

Why *NR*? Because I believe you want to serve the Truth, just as I do. What I have to say *is* the Truth. Not *The* Truth, but just the simple Truth about grass. What I have to say needs to be said, needs to be brought out in the open. I can see no better place than in the relatively free forum of *NR*. I have the courage now to write what Truth I've found. Do you have the courage to print it?

Stonily (i.e., resolutely, with determination to succeed!) Yours,

Specialist Truth

Dear Specialist Truth: NR *avoids addressing lectures on sumptuary law to people who are fighting wars. You write a beautiful ode to pot, and clearly it makes you so happy you can't stand it. Can't stand what? Can't stand how it is without pot, is one way of putting it: can't stand the way the world is, can't stand ree-all-ih-tee. Maybe you drive trucks better stoned—maybe you write letters better stoned. Maybe other people don't and maybe when there aren't people to be killed, you'll want to leave lotus land, which is a drag after a while, like three weeks in Disneyland. We'll be glad to see you, stoned or straight.* **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Back to Segregation, By Order Of the Courts

SIXTEEN YEARS have passed since that Monday morning in May when Chief Justice Warren leaned forward in his chair, hunched his massive shoulders over the bench, and began to read the Supreme Court's opinion in the cases that came to be known as *Brown* v. *Board of Education of Topeka,* 347 U.S. 483.

"These cases come to us from the states of Kansas, South Carolina, Virginia and Delaware. They are premised on different facts and different local conditions, but a common legal question justifies their consideration together . . ."

In the courtroom itself there was not a sound. In the press room, down below, there was the disciplined turmoil of a big story breaking. The Court was unanimous: No concurrences, no dissents. Its ruling was explicit: "We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place." Nothing remained of the position taken by the defendant states in support of segregated schools. The formulation of decrees would await further argument, but the constitutional principle was plain. A new right had been created—the right of children generally, and of black children especially, to be admitted to public schools without regard to their race.

Considering its scope and impact, the opinion was remarkably brief. Warren was done with his reading in less than twenty minutes. When he finished, *Brown* had become a landmark in our law, a beacon for men and states to steer by. Thurgood Marshall, sitting at the plaintiffs' counsel table, put his head in his hands and wept. Downstairs, the work of analysis went on. A Southern correspondent, noting that the decrees were postponed, thought it would be a long time before segregated schools disappeared. "They just winged Jim Crow," he said.

"No," said a man from the *Times*, "they shot him dead."

Sixteen years later, the ironical truth emerges that both reporters were right. Jim Crow schools are dead; but Jim Crow schools survive. Segregation is dead as a permissible legal device, but it survives in fact and in human nature. The beacon light of *Brown* now spins erratically; the right of children that shone so bright in 1954 has dimmed. Once *Brown* guided lawmakers and schoolmen clearly: Race could *not* be a factor in school enrollment. We have gone 180 degrees. Today race *must* be a factor in school enrollment. The principle that children must be treated equally has passed through an Orwellian sea change: Some have become more equal than others.

Meanwhile, it is useful to ask what has become of education—the education that, in the Court's view, "is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments"? In areas of modest black population, where integration already was working normally and naturally, schools have been little affected. In a few sophisticated or highly mobile communities, state-imposed integration also appears to be working without notable tension or violence. But over much of the nation, both North and South, where efforts have been made to maintain an artificial racial balance, without regard to community, compulsory integration has failed. It has failed badly. And this failure, coinciding with other forces battering at public education—the unionization of teachers, the rebellion of taxpayers—has added significantly to the peril point that faces our schools. They are running on a collision course with disaster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One or two definitions have to be kept in mind. What the Court prohibited in 1954, as a denial of equal protection of the laws, was state-imposed segregation, that is, the deliberate assignment of black children, because they were black, to black schools, and the corollary assignment of white children, because they were white, to white schools. Section 140 of the Constitution of Virginia then stated the matter succinctly: "White and colored children shall not be taught in the same school." This was segregation *de jure*. In *Brown* and the cases that followed, the Court ordered such segregation stamped out, root and branch.

WHAT THE COURT ordered in affirmative relief, or appeared to be ordering, was essentially negative: Non-segregation, or desegregation. There is no paradox in this. The Constitution, when it speaks to the states, never grants; it prohibits. The commandment of the Fourteenth Amendment is not that the states *shall accord* equal protection to persons within their jurisdiction, but that the states *shall not deny*. Thus the Court did not speak of integration as a goal to be achieved, but of discrimination as a practice to be banned. Admission to public schools was to be determined henceforth "on a nonracial basis." This was desegregation.

The principle of desegregation, bitterly resisted in the immediate aftermath of *Brown*, now has been accepted throughout the states that formerly imposed *de jure* segregation. No one wears a "NEVER" button any more. It is part of the twist of the 180-degree turn that the legislators of Alabama—of *Alabama!*—some months ago raised their hands, with scarcely a murmur of dissent, in support of a bill asserting that no child of Alabama may be denied admission to a public school on account of his race. The parliaments of Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi have adopted similar legislation; and if their motive is not necessarily to promote brotherhood but rather to prevent balance-busing, the state enactments are nonetheless a startling measure of different times in Dixie.

This past January, HEW's Office for Civil Rights released a massive compilation of statistics on desegregation as of the fall of 1968. The figures are badly out of date, especially in their reflection of the rapidly changing picture in the South, but they remain the best available. HEW defines a desegregated school with statistical rigidity as a school in which pupils of a minority race are a minority within the school they attend. The definition was imposed a couple of years ago, at the demand of civil rights leaders, in order to avoid the distortions of tokenism—i.e., one white in a school with 999 blacks equals 999 blacks "desegregated," or conversely, one black in a school with 999 whites equals 1,000 pupils "desegregated." HEW's new policy, unhappily, has created new distortions: If a locality has two schools, one with 510 whites and 490 blacks, the other with 490 whites and 510 blacks, only the 490 blacks in the first school are counted as "desegregated."

On the basis of this giddy system, 20 per cent of the Negro students in seventeen Southern and Border States (721,000 out of 3,579,000) were in "desegregated" situations in the fall of 1968. Since then, it is generally understood, their number has dramatically increased. In some parts of the South, even by HEW's silly-putty statistics, 40 to 50 per cent of the Negro pupils are in schools at least 50 per cent white. If account were given to the many situations in which blacks are a majority but whites a significant minority in a given school, the picture would reflect far greater desegregation in the South —especially the urban South—than most non-Southerners have supposed.

GRANTED, a vast deal of foot-dragging has occurred below the Potomac. It occurs still. If white Southerners in high places have accepted desegregation in principle, few have accepted it warmly. But federal courts hold a club of contempt citations, and HEW holds the threat of cutting off federal aid; school administrators are thus caught between the rock and the hard place. In the end, they have accepted what is known in the Office for Civil Rights, no matter what the statistics indicate, as "full desegregation."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEW's findings of desegregation in the South provide some notable comparisons with integration in the schools of states outside the South. These were the comparisons that led Mississippi's John Stennis to his Catonian reproaches of the winter, and brought from Connecticut's Abe Ribicoff his dramatic *mea culpa*.

For example, again using HEW's own statistics, Florida has a greater percentage of its Negro pupils in desegregated schools than Illinois or Michigan. Arkansas shows a higher percentage of desegregation than California. Delaware was one of the original defendant states in the *Brown* case; some 21 per cent of its Negro pupils reportedly remain in schools 95 to 100 per cent black. But the situation in Delaware is not materially different from the situation in Massachusetts.

When the focus is sharpened to look at urban situations only, the image of Northern "hyprocrisy" (Ribicoff's word) becomes even more startling. The schools of Chicago are as segregated as those of Mobile, and Milwaukee is quite as black as Miami. Nearly 76 per cent of Newark's Negro children attend schools that are 95 to 100 per cent black; the figure is 67 per cent in Kansas City and 61 per cent in Buffalo. In the actual organization of classrooms, Detroit and Philadelphia rank with Tulsa; in each city, three out of five blacks go to schools that are virtually all-black.

What has developed, as many observers as far apart as Stennis and Ribicoff have noted, is a national urban phenomenon. In the total picture, the vestigial remains of *de jure* segregation, Southern style, play an increasingly minor role. Of deeper concern, because it now figures in the problem everywhere, is the growth of racially impacted schools through the chemistry of human nature. Where formal desegregation has been earnestly attempted, as in Atlanta, we are witnessing resegregation; 25 Atlanta schools, once all-white, deliberately were mixed in judicious proportions starting in 1961. By 1966 or 1967, these schools had passed the "tip point." Today they are substantially all-black. There is not a major city in the South where this pattern has not occurred.

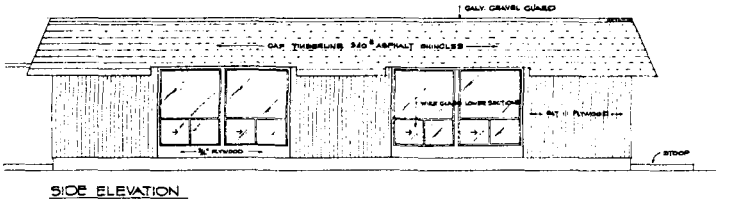
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the South has company. Cleveland, for example, tried to locate its new John F. Kennedy High School in the Shaker Heights area according to the very best sociological theories. The school was intended to achieve a stabilized enrollment, drawn from the community, of 60 per cent white, 40 per cent black. That was five years ago. Alas for theories: JFK was past its tip point on the day it opened its doors. White families fled, and the school now is 95 per cent black.

Baltimore encountered the same experience with its Edmondson High School on the city's west side. Built in 1957, during the integrationist era of good feeling, Edmondson opened with a neatly charted 20 per cent black component. Came the tip point. The school reported last year an enrollment of 25 whites among 2,700 blacks. Substantially identical reports come from Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Chicago. In Washington, the chemistry of human nature has reduced integration to absurdity. Prior to *Brown*, the District of Columbia's segregated schools were roughly fifty-fifty. In the 1968-69 school year, barely nine thousand whites remained for the 139,000 blacks to integrate with. This coming fall Washington will see fewer white children still.

Even in communities of relatively small black population, disenchantment grows. Sausalito, California was among the first school districts on the West Coast to embrace the concept of affirmative, planned integration. By this past fall, conditions had so sadly deteriorated that a special grand jury was impaneled to inquire into the incessant incidents of interracial friction. "What began as a beautiful dream of a fully integrated educational institution," said the jury, "has turned into a nightmare."

In many cities—Rochester, West Haven and Pontiac are random examples—disenchantment is merging into implacable opposition. Five years ago, it was socially gauche for Northerners to oppose integration openly; this was something one did privately, like verandah Southerners. Such inhibitions fade. In Pontiac, seven thousand parents put their signatures to a petition asking an end to further busing. When the Stennis-Ribicoff



School in Jackson, Mississippi built and operated by Council School Foundation. Each unit contains two air-conditioned classrooms: CSF builds schools at remarkably low cost; keeps them running in the black, and in tranquility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . a conviction has grown among countless white parents that a massive infusion of black pupils does not help their children.

debate was at its peak, mail in many congressional offices—these were non-Southern offices—was running ten to one in support of the Stennis amendment. "I always thought myself a liberal in racial matters," one Ohio mother wrote, "but now I am fed up, fed up, *fed up*!"

Why the disillusion? Why the white opposition? Why the nearly universal phenomenon of resegregation? At bottom, the explanation doubtless lies rooted in racial attitudes and prejudices as old as recorded history. More to the point, a conviction has grown among countless white parents that a massive infusion of black pupils does not help their children. I am aware, of course, of the many studies—notably the famed Coleman Report—intended to prove this isn't so. The point is that the objecting parents believe it is so.

No volumes of statistics, and no findings of pedagogy, can persuade them otherwise. The schools of their own urban childhood, whether North or South, were reasonably happy, constructive and tranquil—or so they remember them. What is the difference today? One difference, obviously, is the remarkable increase in the number of black pupils. Their response to this change is flight, headlong, precipitate flight. Between 1960 and 1968, as Alexander Bickel noted in a recent essay, our central cities lost 2.1 million whites and gained 2.4 million blacks. This is not a retreat from integration; it is a rout.

Yet opposition to coerced or arbitrary integration is not confined to apprehensive suburban whites. Still another twist in the 180-degree turn is the increasing disaffection of blacks from the whole idea. Many black spokesmen are being heard to doubt that compulsory integration is all that good for *their* children. What's so hot, they are asking, about just sitting next to a white child? Who said the cultural values of white Middle America are all that useful to the black child? Is not black beautiful? Then what is so wrong with all-black schools, inculcating black values in black children?

Adam Clayton Powell articulated this view in a speech in Omaha some months ago: "Many young people in the ghetto do not want to mix with whites or to be bused from

their neighborhoods to go to white schools." A leading Negro attorney in Los Angeles, James L. Flournoy, recently remarked the changing aspirations of his black neighbors: "Just a few years ago, most of them wanted integrated schools and were willing to accept busing as the only way to achieve this goal. Now they are more concerned over the quality of education their child will get."

Such black leaders as Roy Innis are more assertive still. Innis speaks for the growing number of blacks who are out-and-out separatists. Some believe quite literally in black nationalism. In their demand for black schools, staffed by black teachers and run by black school boards, they offer an uncanny echo of the white segregationists a few decades ago. Their position, however deeply it is opposed by such old-line civil rights leaders as Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young, is a natural outgrowth of the "for blacks only" sign that was hung out by CORE five years ago. The movement reflects the increasing resentment of many blacks against solutions devised and imposed upon them by white liberals. It reflects also the simple, unadorned desire of many black parents that their children be happy and tranquil, too.

So the needle spins. Professor Bickel is a fully accredited Northern liberal. In his *New Republic* essay, he voiced a view expressed by conservatives both in and out of the South.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The actual integration of schools on a significant scale," Bickel wrote, "is an enormously difficult undertaking, if a possible one at all. Certainly it creates as many problems as it purports to solve, and no one can be sure that even as accomplished, it would yield an educational return."

The rising tide of disenchantment has not yet reached judicial chambers, though it seems to be lapping at the door. In a series of crunching decisions over the past two years, most notably in the *Green* and *Alexander* cases, the Supreme Court has taken a hard line against the lingering consequences of *de jure* segregation.

The High Court's opinion in *Charles C. Green* v. *School Board of New Kent County*, 391 U.S. 430, handed down May 27, 1968, has proved an especially bitter dose of judicial medicine for the South to swallow. Here the Court, speaking through Mr. Justice Brennan, pulled most of the props from under "freedom of choice," and left little but a sagging shell of a concept that had seemed to many of us an entirely constitutional approach to desegregation.

It should be remarked, in passing, that the school problem divides itself into three parts—the rural South, the urban South and the urban everywhere else. Only a handful of Negroes, relatively speaking, live in rural areas outside the seventeen Southern and Border States. Vermont had only ninety Negro pupils in 1968, Montana 102, Idaho 415, and North Dakota 458; they represented less than one-half of 1 per cent of school population in each case. Of some five million rural Negroes in the nation, fewer than 400,000 live in the Northeast, North Central and Western regions; the other 4.6 million still live on farms in the South. Here segregated housing is unknown; black and white dwell together in a remote intimacy, separated not by geography but by custom.

This was the case in New Kent, a tiny rural county a few miles east of Richmond. Its 4,500 people, half of them white, half black, make their living from the land, cutting pulpwood, raising crops. When the Civil Rights Act of 1964 effectively compelled desegregation, through the device of a threat to withhold federal aid from school districts that did not desegregate, the New Kent School Board opted for a system of "freedom of choice." The county had but two schools —New Kent School on the east, which had been previously all-white, and George W. Watkins on the west, which had previously been all-black. The 740 Negro and 550 white children were asked to choose the school they wished to attend.

I myself know the New Kent people; they are not rednecks, Klansmen or dissembled tyrants. I believe them when they say that free choice was honestly extended, without intimidation or threat of reprisal to anyone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As it turned out, 115 of the black children elected to enroll in New Kent School; they were freely admitted, without incident of any sort. But no white children chose the Watkins School. Whereupon Charles C. Green sued, charging that freedom or no, effective segregation persisted.

The Supreme Court agreed. "Delays are no longer tolerable," said Brennan. The last vestiges of discrimination had to be eliminated. "The burden is on a school board today to come forward with a plan that promises realistically to work, and promises realistically to work *now*." Whatever might be said for the good faith of the New Kent officials, their plan had produced a colored school and a white school, just as before, and this would not do. The Court did not wish to seem doctrinaire: "There is no universal answer to complex problems of desegregation. There is obviously no one plan that will do the job in every case." As for freedom of choice, "we do not hold that 'freedom of choice' has no place in such a plan—there may well be instances in which it can serve as an effective device—" but freedom had not produced desegregation in New Kent and there was an end to it.

It had seemed to many of us, looking back to the Fourteenth Amendment, that New Kent's plan was fully in accord with both common sense and the Constitution. In the old pre-*Brown* days, true enough, the county was denying: It was denying the black child the same opportunity it offered a white child to attend New Kent School. But that policy had been abandoned. Now New Kent, as an instrumentality of the state, was not denying anyone anything; the county was offering all children the same opportunity to choose on the same basis at the same time. And if all the white children and most of the black children chose voluntarily to stick with their own ethnic groups, was this not their own business in a free society? This line of argument failed to impress the Court. *Green* went on the books, and the concept of freedom of choice—which might have provided a workable, not intolerable answer to the difficult and delicate race relations of the rural South—went largely down the drain.

It was on October 29 of last year, in *Alexander* v. *Holmes County Board of Education*, 396 U.S. 19, that the High Court ran out of patience altogether. The case was the culmination of years of stalling by Mississippi school boards which had found one excuse after another to avoid *any* desegregation. Two months earlier, on August 28, the Fifth Circuit had permitted a further brief delay. The Supreme Court would not allow it:

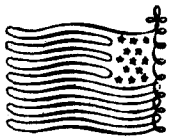
"The Court of Appeals should have denied all motions for additional time because continued operation of segregated schools under a standard of allowing 'all deliberate speed' for desegregation is no longer constitutionally permissible. Under explicit holdings of this Court the obligation of every school district is to terminate dual school systems at once and to operate now and hereafter only unitary schools."

The Supreme Court went on to direct that an order be entered, "effective immediately," commanding the defendant Mississippi school boards to begin at once to operate "unitary school systems within which no person is to be effectively excluded from any school because of race or color."

The Court's *per curiam* order of October 29, issued without dissent, was magisterial in tone. It seemed incapable of misconception. Yet in December another group of cases from Mississippi and Louisiana came before the Fifth Circuit, and the complicated circumstances impelled the Circuit judges to grant a delay until September of 1970. These were the cases in which the Department of Justice intervened on the defendants'

The rising tide of disenchantment has not yet reached judicial chambers . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



side, citing the hardships that would result from a midterm order of immediate application.

The Negro plaintiffs promptly appealed. On January 14, the Supreme Court summarily reversed the Circuit Court. There could be no delays beyond February 1. But this order of January 14 had a certain historicity all its own: For the first time since *Brown*, nearly sixteen years earlier, the Court divided on a segregation issue. Justices Harlan and White filed a special memorandum, in which they renewed their support of "desegregation" but indicated their willingness to allow some reasonable time—up to eight weeks—for a defendant school board to come up with a judicially approved plan to rid itself of "all aspects of a segregated public school system."

CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER and Justice Stewart dissented outright: *"We would not peremptorily reverse the judgments of the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. . . . In light of the measures the Court of Appeals has directed the respondent school districts to undertake, with total desegregation required for the upcoming school year, we are not prepared summarily to set aside its judgments. That Court is far more familiar than we with the various situations of these several school districts, some large, some small, some rural, some metropolitan, and has exhibited responsibility and fidelity to the objectives of our holdings in school desegregation cases. To say peremptorily that the Court of Appeals erred in its application of the* Alexander *doctrine to these cases, and to direct summary reversal without argument and without opportunity for exploration of the varying problems of individual school districts, seems unsound to us."*

On March 17, Burger again spoke up. This time a case had come from Memphis, and once again a clear majority of the Court (Justice Marshall did not participate) was in a mood of hurry-up and no-nonsense. Without bothering to hear argument, the Court dealt summarily with the erring Circuit Court—this time it was the Sixth Circuit—and bounced the case back. Burger was plainly troubled by the precipitate demands of his brothers. Justice Blackmun had not yet been confirmed, and Justice Marshall had taken himself out of the Memphis case. That left only seven. Were it not for that factor, said Burger, he would urge full argument and review.

"I would do this," [*he said*] *"on the basis that the time has come to clear up what seems to be a confusion, genuine or simulated, concerning this Court's prior mandates. . . . These school cases present widely varying factors: Some records reveal plans for desegregating schools, other have none or only partial plans; some records reflect rezoning of school districts, others do not; some use traditional bus transportation such as began with consolidated schools where such transportation was imperative, others use school bus transportation for a different purpose and unrelated to the availability of a school as to which such transportation is not required.*

"The suggestion that the Court has not defined a unitary school system is not supportable. In Alexander, *we stated, albeit perhaps too cryptically, that a unitary system was one 'within which no person is to be effectively excluded from any school because of race or color.' From what is now before us in this* [*Memphis*] *case it is not clear what issues might be raised or developed on argument; as soon as possible, however, we ought to resolve some of the basic practical problems when they are appropriately presented including whether, as a constitutional matter, any particular racial balance must be achieved in the schools; to what extent school districts and zones may or must be altered as a constitutional matter; to what extent transportation may or must be provided to achieve the ends sought by prior holdings of the Court."*

It is not unusual, of course, in disposing of petitions for certiorari, for members of the Court to express a view that certain constitutional issues should be taken up. Justice Douglas, some months ago, wanted to consider

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the constitutional permissibility of the war in Vietnam. But Burger's memorandum of March 17 has caused a considerable fluttering nonetheless. Taking one thing with another, it now is possible to speculate that four members of the Court—Burger, Stewart, Harlan and White—are beginning to have some second thoughts and reservations about the course of the law in this field.

The entire Court stands in agreement on the key element in a "unitary system," that such a school system must not effectively exclude any child from any school *because of race or color*. But as a constitutional matter, to sharpen the point of Burger's memorandum, it is by no means clear that within a unitary system, the reverse is true—that children *must* be assigned to particular schools precisely because of their race or color.

Is Mixing Required?

This is the tentative 180-degree turn that Burger would like his brothers to examine. It is a fair inference that every school board in the country, facing questions of desegregation or of racial balance, would like some answers also. As the battle spreads outside the South, driven on by the rowels of John Stennis' spurs, Burger's "constitutional matter" becomes steadily more demanding. Trial courts are hopelessly divided upon the main issue of *de facto* segregation: Does the Constitution *require* the mixing of the black and white races in public schools? If so, what ratio of mixing is required, where and when, and how is such ratio to be achieved and maintained?

District and circuit courts have been struggling with these questions for the past several years. The law has fallen into a form of chaos reflected in the contrasting decisions as to Oklahoma City and Cincinnati.

Prior to 1954 the schools of Oklahoma operated under *de jure* segregation. With *Brown*, the dual system was abolished. Desegregation proceeded with few incidents, but by 1961 a scattering of tip points began to appear. Industrial development brought thousands of black families into eastern and northeastern Oklahoma City; the trend accelerated a flight of white families; and the school board began to struggle uncertainly with problems not of its own making. Finally, having announced its commitment to affirmative integration, the board began desperately to juggle its pupils around.

The effort had some success. By mid-1969, the Oklahoma City board had managed to obtain some degree of race-mixing in 67 of the city's 113 schools. Faculties were integrated in all of the 89 elementary schools and in 22 of the 24 secondary schools. The boundary changes imposed some hardships and absurdities on some of the 75,000 students (22 per cent of them black), but community resentment seemed to be under control.

Then new tip points came along. The school board's brewmaster, a gentleman by the name of Wheat, had carefully compounded his recipe for Harding Junior High School and Northeast High School to produce a seventy-thirty mix. The white families, alas, would not stay tied. One thing led to another, and District Judge Luther Bohanon ordered further boundary changes in school attendance zones. The object was to press-gang additional white children from Taft Junior High and Northwest Classen High, the better to improve the mix at the others.

This arbitrary decree in turn led to near rebellion on the part of indignant white parents. A *cause célèbre* developed when the parents of fourteen-year-old Raymond York adamantly insisted upon leaving their son at Taft, a few blocks from his home, rather than putting him on a bus to Harding four

The school board's brewmaster had carefully compounded his recipe to produce a 70-30 mix . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

miles away. Judge Bohanon, after several warnings, cited the York family for contempt, took the boy and his mother into custody, and imposed fines and prison sentences that since have been appealed.

The Oklahoma City madness continues. In January, Judge Bohanon approved the school board's "cluster plan," by which the city's ten high schools are grouped into two clusters. The idea is that every high-school student has a home-base school, and a cluster school. Some 22,000 to 24,000 students will spend a large part of their time riding by bus from one school to another, for distances up to 26 miles, in order to obtain an eighty-twenty mix, this being the octane content believed to approach perfection.

In Cincinnati, by contrast, federal courts have flatly refused to require racist games of musical chairs. For a couple of decades following the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868, Cincinnati had continued to operate segregated schools as a matter of law. (The first state and federal decisions upholding the theory of "separate but equal" schools were Ohio decisions.) In 1887, Ohio repealed its school segregation statute. By the time young Tina Deal brought suit through her father against the Cincinnati School Board, nearly three-quarters of a century had elapsed in which the city's schools were not black schools or white schools but "just schools." Nevertheless, demonstrable imbalances had developed, and the plaintiff asked that affirmative measures be ordered to put an end to the *de facto* situation.

The federal courts said no. There is no constitutional requirement, said the Sixth Circuit, that white or Negro children be bused or transferred out of their neighborhoods "for the sole purpose of alleviating racial imbalance which was not caused by any act of discrimination on the part of the board, but resulted from racial concentrations in the neighborhoods in which the schools were located." The Circuit Court also ruled that the board "had no like duty to select new school sites solely in furtherance of such a purpose." In its view, 369 F. 2d 55, the Constitution prohibits enforced segregation but it does not require forced integration.

Speaking to the Cincinnati situation again this past December, the Sixth Circuit added this pointed observation: *"It is the contention of appellants that the board owed them a duty to bus white and Negro children away from the districts of their residences in order that the racial complexion would be balanced in each of the many public schools in Cincinnati. It is submitted that the Constitution imposes no such duty. Appellants are not the only children who have constitutional rights. There are Negro, as well as white, children who may not want to be bused away from the school districts of their residences, and they have just as much right to attend school in the area where they live. They ought not to be forced against their will to travel out of their neighborhoods in order to mix the races."*

THIS SAME LINE of judicial reasoning—that the Constitution does *not* require affirmative measures to undo *de facto* separation—was taken by the Second Circuit in 1967 in a Buffalo case, *Offermann* v. *Nitkowski*. The Seventh Circuit, in *Bell* v. *School City of Gary, Ind.*, had paved the way: "There is no affirmative U.S. constitutional duty to change innocently arrived at school attendance districts by the mere fact that shifts in population either increase or decrease the percentage of either Negro or white pupils."

The Supreme Court itself, as Chief Justice Burger complained, has yet to settle the matter. Seven years ago, in a case from Knoxville, the Court refused to sanction a system that permitted white children to transfer in an effort to avoid integration; Justice Clark's opinion, 373 U.S. 683, contains some strong inferences that *any* racial classifications for pupil transfer will be held in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, but the Knoxville case arose from the old invidious *de jure* segregation and may not apply.

The issues of *de facto* segregation and of what, if anything, a city must do about it, have arisen most dramatically in Los Angeles. On February 11, Superior Court Judge Alfred Gitelson ordered the city to take immediate steps toward the comprehensive integration of its 561 schools and 775,000 students by next

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

September. His order requires that henceforth, no school in the whole of Los Angeles shall have less than 10 per cent nor more than 50 per cent "minority" students. City school officials, aghast, replied that execution of this order would require the busing of 240,000 pupils daily, back and forth across the 711 square miles of the nation's largest school district, at a first-year cost of $40 million. Judge Gitelson replied, in effect, so what?

The Gitelson opinion runs to roughly 23,000 words. (The non-lawyer may track it down most conveniently, perhaps, in the *Congressional Record* of March 23, at H2199). As a literary work, the opinion is pure disaster—strident, clumsy, repetitious, exhaustingly prolix; the judge has no more terminal facilities than Hubert Humphrey. Yet the opinion deserves a reading for its complete exposition of the ultra-liberal point of view on compulsory integration. Samples:

"In our present society the opportunity for an equal education, as a minimum equal to that afforded the socio-economic advantaged, in our public schools is indispensable to a meaningful life; to the preservation of our form of democracy, our form of government and society. Its deprivation from any segment of our people is a denial of their rights as a human being, the inalienable rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness as citizens of our state and country . . ."

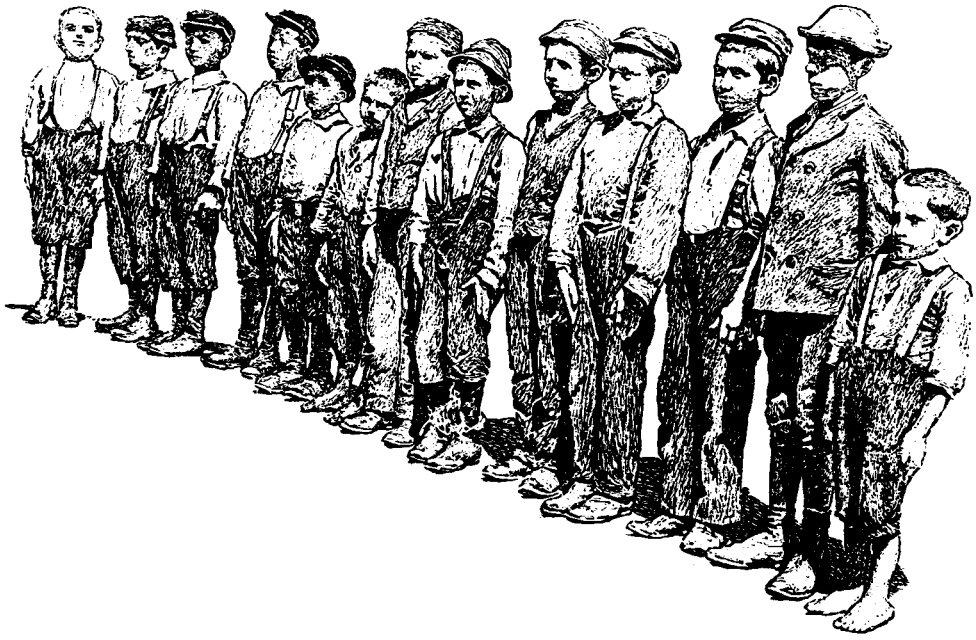
"Separate, with allegedly separate but equal facilities, is not equal education. Therefore the duty on the part of Board [is] to provide integrated education so that all of its students —white, Negro, Mexican-American, Oriental —receive together the same equal educational opportunities. The duty of Board is affirmative, not negative . . ."

"There can be no equality of education "input" without integrated education . . ."

"Integration, the creation of racial balance, the elimination of racial imbalance, must be mandated . . ."

"The Court does find true . . . that such equal educational opportunity can only exist in integrated schools; that to perform the said duty specifically imposed upon it by law Board has the power to, and must, compel students to attend certain schools, to be designated by it, because of his race or color, and to deny to students the right to attend a school selected by him or his parents solely because of his race or color . . ."

"The right of all students . . . to attend school and to receive the opportunity to acquire an equal education, equal to the educational opportunity offered to all other students, irrespective of race, color, creed, economic or social circumstances, is a fundamental right, a legal right, a species of property, equal to, if not greater than, other



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tangible property rights, it being the right to be a human being, and requires that he receives said opportunity in integrated schools."

These few excerpts cannot adequately convey the lumpy texture of Judge Gitelson's prose. But buried in the depths of this tapioca pudding are a few raisins of legal reasoning that merit appellate review. Judge Gitelson's conclusion is that an all-black or all-white school is unconstitutional *per se*, whether such a school is rooted in prohibited *de jure* segregation or in neighborhood population patterns. The Los Angeles school board, in his view, had a positive obligation to select school sites, to provide transportation, and to make pupil assignments deliberately to achieve proportional integration in all its schools. The board's failure to adopt such policies—"policies that would rectify the existing racial imbalances, that would create or tend to create racial balance and integration"—impresses Judge Gitelson as a form of *de jure* segregation. He finds, in brief, a form of impermissible state action.

The President: Dedicated, But

This same reasoning has figured in other lawsuits around the country. It was earlier a factor in the Pasadena decision. The argument also is heard that public housing, subsidized by public funds, often has tended to encourage racial concentrations, which lead in turn to racially impacted schools. It is suggested that local zoning ordinances, regulating single-family and multi-family neighborhoods, have amounted to state action producing school segregation.

Until the Supreme Court itself speaks to these questions, the law is bound to remain uncertain. Some federal judges, as in Gary and Cincinnati, will refuse to require racial balance. Other federal judges, as in Oklahoma City and Charlotte (the Charlotte computerized pairing scheme is at least as fantastic as Oklahoma City's cluster plan), will find an affirmative duty to make race the determining factor in public assignments.

Congress apparently is helpless to intervene effectively through federal law. Repeatedly, through the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Elementary and Secondary Education Acts, Congress has sought to exercise its power to adopt appropriate legislation to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment. The United States Code now provides, in words that any child might comprehend, that "nothing herein shall empower any official or court of the United States to issue any order seeking to achieve a racial balance in any school by requiring the transportation of pupils or students from one school to another or from one school district to another in order to achieve racial balance." The courts have paid no attention whatever to this statutory expression.

State legislatures and administrative agencies seem as impotent as Congress. The California State Board of Education reacted to Judge Gitelson's Draconian decree in March by repealing all its regulations dealing with school integration. Recent state laws intended to prohibit the use of public funds for balance-busing, as in Florida, have been struck down before their ink has dried. The judicial branch simply has seized this bone of contention, and dragged it off to chambers. Racial questions, we are told, transcend legislative policy and popular wishes; such questions are constitutional, and the Constitution is what the High Court says it is. In time, Burger doubtless will have his way, and the Court will say what all this means.

Meanwhile, President Nixon has twice leaped into the act. In his messages of March 24 and May 20, the President has plumped down on both sides of the integration issue. In March, though he insisted he was not backing away from *Brown*, he seemed to be backing away from *Brown*. He was dedicated, he said, to continued progress toward a truly desegregated public school system, but—.

"But," said the President, *"considering the always heavy demands for more school operating funds, I believe it is preferable, when we have to make the choice, to use limited financial resources for the improvement of education—for better teaching facilities, better methods, and advanced educational materials—and for the upgrading of the disadvantaged areas in the community rather than buying*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

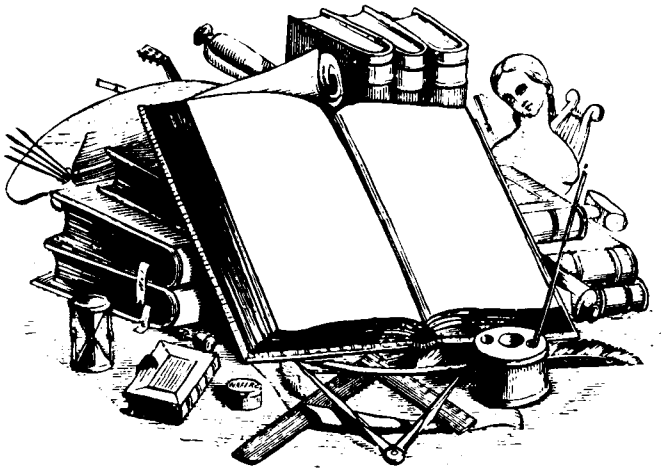
buses, tires and gasoline to transport young children miles away from their neighborhood schools."

In a couple of key paragraphs in March, Mr. Nixon remarked on the role of schools and the uses of compulsion:

"One of the mistakes of past policy has been to demand too much of our schools: They have been expected not only to educate, but also to accomplish a social transformation. Children in many instances have not been served, but used—in what all too often has proved a tragically futile effort to achieve in the schools the kind of a multiracial society which the adult community has failed to achieve for itself.

"If we are to be realists, we must recognize that in a free society, there are limits to the amount of government coercion that can reasonably be used; that in achieving desegregation we must proceed with the least possible disruption of the education of the nation's children; and that our children are highly sensitive to conflict, and highly vulnerable to lasting psychic injury. . . . Demands that an arbitrary 'racial balance' be established as a matter of right misinterpret the law and misstate the priorities."

The President concluded his March message by defining specific policies for his Administration: "Transportation of pupils beyond normal geographic school zones for the purpose of achieving racial balance will not be required. . . . Federal officials should not go beyond the requirements of law in attempting to impose their own judgment on local school districts. . . . *De facto* racial separation, resulting genuinely from housing patterns, should [not] by itself be cause for federal enforcement actions."



In order to give substance to those commitments, Mr. Nixon said he would ask an appropriation of $500 million in the coming fiscal year to go into programs "for improving education in racially impacted areas, North and South, and for assisting school districts in meeting special problems incident to court-ordered desegregation." But in May, when questions arose on actual expenditures for these programs in 1970-71, the President indicated that relatively little would go to improve education in racially impacted neighborhoods of *de facto* separation. The bulk of his first-year money would go to promote the voluntary integration of Northern cities and to assist in speeding desegregation in the South.

"It is clear that racial isolation ordinarily has an adverse effect on education," the President said. "Conversely, we also know that desegregation is vital to quality education."

What of the future? I see little ahead for the next few years but continued uncertainty, resistance and political turmoil. If the national goal is a fully integrated society, reflected in fully integrated public schools, we are many miles away. If the national goal, instead, is defined simply as a good education for all children, we are not much closer. Our major urban school systems, both North and South, are in deep trouble.

Part of the trouble has little to do with race. Some of it arises from teacher strikes, which have had a profoundly shocking impact upon the potent intangible of public support. These strikes generally are in violation of state law; at the very least, they are in violation of written contracts, and teachers are not expected to break laws or contracts. The image of the teaching profession has been badly tarnished. Confidence in the public schools has been further shaken by the disruptions on college campuses; if our high schools are graduating young arsonists, anarchists, destroyers of property, it is felt,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then something must be wrong with the high schools.

There is everywhere, I believe, a swelling demand for the old tranquillity, the old discipline. Many of the public schools now are seen, in a popular view, as hotbeds of dope, sex and political activism, cultivated or condoned by permissive teachers unable to educate their restless and unruly charges. The schools, moreover, are fearfully expensive, both to build and to operate, and taxes become increasingly oppressive. Everything seems out of joint—crime, inflation, employment, pornography, Vietnam, rights of property, respect for the flag, obedience to authority—and who is to blame? Well, goes the feeling, let us start with the public schools. And down goes the bond issue or the local levy.

Now, add to this simmering discontent the edicts of a Judge Gitelson in Los Angeles, a Judge Bohanon in Oklahoma City, a Judge McMillan in Charlotte (the last since partially reversed). Toss in the resentment of Southerners who may not know *de jure* from *de facto*, but know a dual standard when they see one. Season with the outrage of parents, black as well as white, who object violently to having their children bused around to satisfy a racist ideology. You have a mixture about to boil over.

A boiling point already has been reached in parts of the South—in Mobile, for one example. Under the leadership of a progressive mayor, Joseph Langan, Mobile was beginning to accept a degree of desegregation that generally preserved a sense of neighborhood community. Responsible whites, acting through the established structure, and responsible blacks, acting through the NAACP, felt they were finding a tolerable solution. But a militant black element known as NOW (Neighborhood Organization of Workers) seized leadership from the NAACP, and the Wallaceite Right responded in kind. Langan was defeated for re-election. The courts contributed to the crisis by demanding wholesale desegregation just forty school days before the end of the term. Columnists Evans and Novak in April found the torn and angry city "a laboratory case of the horrors of school desegregation."

One response of white parents in Mobile was to pull their children out of the public school system entirely. This was overwhelmingly the response to similar court decrees in Mississippi. Almost literally overnight, from the close of schools on a Friday in December to their opening on a Monday in January, thousands of white pupils simply vanished. By the opening of the second semester in February, average daily attendance had dropped by nearly thirty thousand children—about 5 per cent of the total—and all of them were white. In Tunica, Wilkinson, Indianola and Amite school districts, not a single white child remained in the public school system. They had departed to private schools, and taken their teachers with them.

Those 'Racist' Private Schools

This exodus merits a far more comprehensive report than can be offered here. Long before *Brown*, private schools had established a firm tradition across the South. Many of them, such as the Catholic schools of Louisiana and the Episcopal prep schools of Virginia, were church-related. Others had a background of military training. Still others were socially exclusive. They enrolled thousands of white children (and a handful of blacks), and caused scarcely a ripple on the educational pond.

The *Brown* case put waves in motion. When Prince Edward County, Virginia, closed all its schools rather than submit to desegregation, white parents plunged sacrificially into creating the Prince Edward School Foundation at Farmville. Classes were conducted at first in church basements, old homes, and even a machine shop. Well-bred reporters came down from New York, sniffing and sneering, and predicted a swift end to the forlorn enterprise. They could not have been more mistaken. The Prince Edward parents acquired land, pooled their savings and their labor, and built a consolidated school system both attractive and efficient. Free public schools since have reopened in the county and state tuition grants have been denied the children attending Prince Edward Academy, but the Foundation survives. Its graduates have an excellent record of college matriculation. And though tuition fees are a strain upon many white parents,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Almost literally overnight, thousands of white pupils vanished.
They had departed to private schools, and taken their teachers with them.

they have made their Academy work.

The example of the Prince Edward Academy led to the Wade Hampton Academy in Orangeburg, South Carolina. Thirty-five similar private schools since have been formed in South Carolina—their Independent School Association held a rousing fifth annual convention at Hilton Head Island last December—and the number is increasing with every wind that blows from the federal bench.

The movement toward private academies has gained speed especially since the Supreme Court's crackdown in the *Green* and *Alexander* cases. Mississippi alone now counts at least 125 such schools. Alabama and Louisiana are marching in the same direction. There seems to be relatively less activity in Georgia, Florida, North Carolina and Arkansas, and still less in Oklahoma, Texas and Tennessee, but interest is rising to a point that the Citizens Council of America, in Jackson, is hard put to answer the mail and to play host to inquiring delegations.

The Citizens Council, headed by administrator William J. Simmons, already has learned and forgotten more about the efficient operation of private schools than many a New England headmaster ever has learned. For the past six years, by a process of trial, error and hard work, Simmons and his associates have been learning about school architecture, building costs, maintenance costs, teacher contracts, liability insurance, and a thousand other aspects of school operation. The Council now is operating three schools in Jackson, having a combined enrollment in excess of three thousand, and is providing advice and consultation to 150 others.

Drawing upon this pooled experience, the Citizens Council early this year pulled off a feat of construction that would have dazzled Cheops. Starting from absolute scratch, on two lightly wooded tracts in the Jackson suburbs, the Council built and opened 110 handsome new classrooms at a cost, if you please, of $8 per square foot or $4,000 per classroom. I venture the flat assertion that not a single public school administration in the country could come within miles of that record. And these are no jerry-built affairs. These classrooms are air-conditioned, nicely carpeted, Weldwood-paneled, newly furnished. The Council schools have no cafeterias—children bring their own lunch, go home, or otherwise fend for themselves—but they have fully equipped science laboratories, libraries and meeting rooms.

The Council charges a $400 tuition fee at the elementary level, $500 for grades nine through twelve, but fees are graduated downward for families having more than one child. A family with four or more children in the Council schools pays a total tuition of $1,200 in ten monthly payments of $120 each. This income keeps the operation enough in the black that reserves are created for additional construction. Teachers and principals are paid at salary scales generally competitive with Jackson's public schools. Disciplinary problems are almost nonexistent: The rare child who gets badly out of line is simply expelled. A number of pupils from low-income families "work off" their tuition fees, the boys by cutting grass, the girls by vacuuming the carpets. A vigorous athletic program supplements the usual extra-curricular activities.

NOT ALL the "segregation academies," in the pejorative phase, are as posh and professional as the Citizens Council schools in Jackson. Some of them, sadly undercapitalized, doubtless will go under, especially if the heat of desegregation should be cooled. But several factors should be kept in mind by skeptical critics not familiar with the rural South. Many of these infant academies are church-sponsored; and the Internal Revenue Service will have a hard time (especially since the Supreme Court's opinion of May 4 in the New York church case) denying tax deductibility for contributions to them. In the Bible Belt South, church and children rank ahead of material pleasures; the white community is remarkably cohesive; and country children, never having grown accustomed to anything very flossy in their rural schools, are not likely to strike for audio-visual luxuries in their private academies.

The question of tax deductibility, under IRS regulations, causes some concern—but not much. Early this year, a three-judge court in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington found that tax benefits constitute a "substantial and significant" measure of support by the government for segregated schools; the court therefore enjoined the IRS from granting deductibility for contributions to new white-only private schools in Mississippi. Welfare Secretary Finch promptly urged the Administration to extend the prohibition to private educational institutions everywhere that cannot prove an integrated admissions policy, but the Justice Department has taken precisely the opposite view and the matter, at this writing, remains in abeyance.

Manifestly, the tax question presented to Mr. Nixon contains large philosophical and political overtones. Under existing laws and regulations, tax deductibility is granted routinely to any nonprofit educational institution applying under Section 501(c)(3) of the Tax Code. The policy, to this moment, has been one of benevolent neutrality, applied to Christians, Jews, whites and Negroes alike. For the government to impose affirmative or negative conditions on an institution's policies of operation (no flag salute? no prayer?) would be to take a long step from neutrality; such a prohibition on deductibility would strike heavily at hundreds of old-line private prep schools that are all-white or nearly so; and while it might please ardent civil righters, the policy urged by Secretary Finch would infuriate a great many others. Mr. Nixon, a prudent strategist, may duck the decision and leave it to the courts.

A similar question will have to be faced if anything comes of various proposals to create a system of "tuition vouchers." Most of these plans are patterned generally after the educational benefits granted to veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights. The idea is that every child would be provided an annual educational grant of x dollars, cashable in terms of tuition at any accredited school, public, private or denominational. The Supreme Court already has ruled, in cases involving the post-*Brown* tuition grant schemes in Southern states, that such grants cannot be used as the predominant means of support for a segregated institution. The law is not altogether clear, however, and the recent trend appears to favor increasing public support of private educational institutions through textbooks, transportation and even teacher-salary support.

Teachers' unions and educational organizations are passionately opposed to the new private academies and to the tuition grant concept. They view both developments as a major threat to the solvency, if not the survival, of the public-school system. But the classroom teachers and professional educators have lost some of their political clout in recent years. If federal courts should move in the direction of demanding universal racial balance in the public schools, through such devices as busing and pairing and racial rezoning, fresh impetus will be given to movements in support of private schools and tuition grants.

My own conviction is that ultimately—it may be a quarter-century after *Brown*, or more—the problems will be tolerably resolved through a return to old principles of community. In time, I believe, courts North and South will settle for public schools that are in fact "just schools," serving neighborhoods or constituencies that are only incidentally all-white, all-back or mixed. Elements of free choice will regain judicial approval. Private schools will grow in number, but they will not threaten the public school system seriously. Federal support of education will increase in many ways, especially for racially impacted areas. Interracial friction and violence will continue in schools everywhere, but as a declining birth rate tends to ameliorate overcrowding and a sense of true community gradually is restored, most of the disciplinary problems will subside.

This is the hopeful view. Its fulfillment would satisfy neither integrationist zealots nor doctrinaire libertarians, but it might provide, in time, a total system of education in which the frozen roots of freedom, civility, and intellectual aspiration could produce green leaves again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES BURNHAM

THE WAR SYNDROME

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

There it was in the letters column of the *Times* (London). Only a complete quotation will do:

Sir,—We are so obsessed judging the ethical and ideological principles involved that no one seems to have noticed that in our recurrent public disturbances we are able to observe a typical war syndrome in the early states of its process of development.

1) It affects young, vigorous men: the warrior age and class. 2) They form a group, self-identified by distinct characteristics. 3) To these are added artificial recognition signs: dress, slogans and, most significant, hair [one may add, obscenities—JB]. Long hair and aggression often go together, e.g. Vikings, Sikhs and Chindits. 4) At first aggression is limited to warlike assemblies and chanting of war cries. 5) Then follows confrontation, with taunts, grimaces, pointing (an aggressive act) and more war cries, and the adversary is called animal names, usually monosyllabic. 6) Next, little dashes and mock attacks on "enemy" territory are made and, penultimately, 7) wrecking, looting, arson.

Group behavior is irrational: the war-urge comes first and the *casus belli* after instead of the other way round: there is a constant search for Captain Jenkins' ear. If one cause of grievance is removed or shown to be nonexistent, another is quickly found. The act of removal is merely a further irritant and may even of itself be dangerous.

The reason is that though the mainsprings of such behavior are not yet understood, they are clearly sadistic in origin and afford satisfaction of which the aggressive group refuse to be deprived. Left to themselves, there is finally an orgasmic relief of energy in violence. In better regulated cultures, violence is undertaken by champions or professional proxies in the way of soldiers.

The pattern is universal and can be seen in the communal riots of Ireland or India, the Chariot factions of Byzantium, and in both primitive and sophisticated people. I confess to a deplorable tepidity about all our current debates. I merely beg to forecast in the most detached and impartial way as a student of warfare that sooner or later, probably sooner, a number of people will kill or be killed by each other.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
R. J. S. Bidwell

Into Focus

How easy it is to make out the pattern, once you get the focus adjusted! How readily the seeming paradoxes and contradictions fall into place! The vandalism and violence are "counterproductive," the Lindsays urge. But how is it, pray, if what you are trying to produce *is* violence and destruction? It is hard to overcome "the communications gap" and conduct a "dialogue" if you howl down the spokesman for the other point of view. . . . But doesn't it make very good sense to howl if you really have no interest in a dialogue but only in your own monologue used as an element in your act of aggression? Isn't it contradictory to say you're all-out for "peace," and then to work for it by violence?—Contradictory to what? Isn't "peace" as good an issue as any other to have a war about? Aren't the history books full of tales about fighting in order to stop aggression, evil, war and crime and bring democracy and freedom? Besides, nobody insists that it be "peace." If we get our peace, there are plenty of other issues where that one came from—Down with the Courts! Open Enrollment! Destroy GM! No Parietals! Black Power! Bury the Military-Industrial Complex! Save Earth! No Exams! Abolish ROTC! You name it and we'll riot for it.

But what do you really want? Haven't we given you *everything*—money, cars, stereos, trips to Europe and no rules or punishment, and we're still ready to give you anything else you ask for? Right, man, but what if what we really want is trouble and blood? And what if we are resolved to get them no matter how abjectly you lick our boots?

Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon —this is their unforgivable crime— cheated them out of their war. You can't count *this* dreary police action/business-as-usual/no uniform during off duty hours/no parades or austerity/or anyone can slip out of it by just signing up for college—you can't count *that* as your war. (Though, significantly enough, few of the ones who have actually fought in it are among the militant dissenters.) Why, we kill each other five times as fast on our home highways as in those boring jungles! The Presidents didn't even name an enemy, certainly not the kind of enemy you can enjoy sticking your knife into, a yellow baboon or stormtrooping torturer out to enslave the world. Well, if our elders won't give us a war, we'll make our own war, and we'll create the kind of enemies we need, beginning with the bloodthirsty madman in the White House.

March of the Lemmings

In the perspective of the war syndrome what seems otherwise so puzzling thus appears as necessary, inevitable. *Of course*, the militants—in France, Germany, Italy, Britain, the Netherlands as in the United States—have no definable "program," no "solution," but only flickering psychedelic "ideals"; so that the frankest among them readily acknowledge that the "present" task is merely destruction of "the system." *Of course*, it is not possible to appease them by "granting demands" (how revealing that the demands are presented as "non-negotiable"!); "demands," "issues," like the "ideals," are merely playthings of the dark urges driving the young warriors.

It was reported from Sweden last month that the lemmings are once again on their mass march from the mountains to suicide in the fjords, devastating the land as they press forward. In the villages it is not forgotten that the first of the previous two marches in this century came during the First World War, the other in the summer before the Second. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSELL KIRK

ENDANGERED CHARLESTON

FROM THE ACADEMY

Everybody ought to go down to South Carolina for the grand Tricentenary of that dominion's existence as colony and state. The celebrations, now in progress, are centered at Charleston, Columbia and Greenville. South Carolina in spring being most lovely, I made my way to Charleston for the first two days of the Tricentennial doings.

Three centuries ago, English settlers landed on the marshy shores of the Ashley River, and established, at what is now Old Town Plantation, their first settlement. Later they removed to the narrow peninsula between the Ashley and the Cooper, where Charleston now stands. But the original Charles Towne site has just become an historic monument—after being beautified for a quarter of a century by Mrs. Joseph Waring, who inherited Old Town from her Legare ancestors. Near the restored earthworks of Charles Towne Landing, in a big modern pavilion, the civilized continuity of Charleston is admirably exhibited.

Still better than a museum, Charleston today remains a living city, crowded with the most interesting architecture in North America. The town retains its unique character, and probably more continuity of population than any other place in these United States. You would do well, friends, to see Charleston right now: for much of it may be gone in a few years, if certain evangels of Progress have their way.

Charleston never has been "urban renewed"—that is, the federal bulldozer has not yet gone to work there, creating urban deserts and urban jungles. Of course, Charleston has not been immune from the decay and the intrusion of commercial bad taste that have plagued all our land. But those forces of ruination have been counterbalanced, in Charleston, by genuine urban restoration—by the saving and improvement of many fine houses and some public buildings, the work of the Historic Charleston Foundation, other preservationist groups and a goodly number of private citizens.

All this labor of civic restoration, nevertheless, may be overwhelmed by a project of South Carolina's highway department. It is proposed to build a big new bridge across the Ashley, connecting the suburbs of James Island with the old city. This road bridge, and the highway that would be pushed through the heart of the town, would work mighty mischief.

Beaufain and Wentworth Streets, where some of the most charming mansions stand, eventually would be converted into slums by this development: Some beautiful houses would have to be demolished, and the noise and lack of parking for the remaining dwellings would mean the rapid deterioration of the whole neighborhood; indeed, Charleston might be cloven by the highway as if by a wall. The Ashley end of Broad Street, the city's chief avenue, would be disfigured by ramps. One has to tour Charleston afoot to understand how immense would be the damage; I did.

Now improved transportation from James Island is much needed, and it is important to keep the heart of the city pulsing with life. But the proposed Ashley bridge is no way to accomplish this. For one thing, the intended site is too far down the island: as much as 80 per cent of the traffic might turn north from the bridge, and perhaps only 20 per cent turn south. Clearly any new road-bridge ought to be situated a good deal farther upstream, where it would provide better service.

The Ashley bridge and road system are dependent upon federal subsidy. Recently the federal Department of Transportation has adopted some policies calculated to reduce damage to cities by highway construction; also that Department has declared active interest in rapid-transit methods that reduce auto-fume and total dependence upon the automobile (which, in compact cities like New York or San Francisco or Charleston, is the least efficient mode of transporting many people in and out of a city).

So would it not be a fitting triumph of the Tricentenary for the state highway department and the federal people and Charleston's public men to work out an admirable pilot project in urban transportation? No city deserves salvation from the blight and amorphous ugliness of our day more than Charleston. No long-range plan for Charleston's growth and improvement exists: but Charlestonian intelligence and taste, combined with state and federal means, could establish a pattern for urban redemption that might be emulated in many a city.

Hundreds of thousands of people come to Charleston every year because the place is little spoilt, and delightful for strolling. If they sought six-lane highways—why, they could find those in Detroit or Los Angeles.

South of Broad Street, there flourishes in beauty the most interesting quarter in any American city. But north of Broad Street, too, there survives a large city where the past still is visible and the community—white and black—has deep roots. By careful restoration and good new building, virtually the whole of old Charleston could be made the most livable, as well as the handsomest big town in this land. If enthusiasts for more automobile traffic have their way, without bothering to weigh alternatives—why, that prospect may be destroyed forever.

The real causes of the great riots in Detroit—so said Mr. George Romney when he left the governorship of Michigan—were urban "renewal" and highway construction, uprooting those who could least afford to be dislodged.

"For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely," said Edmund Burke. Just so it is with Charleston. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DELECTATIONS

The Whalers of Bequia

T. W. BURGESS

BEQUIA is a small island, even by Caribbean standards, measuring seven miles by one mile. However, for all its modest size and modest population (4,500), it holds a world record that can never be equaled, for here on our island in the lower Caribbean, 13 degrees north of the Equator and 125 miles from Venezuela, you will find the last traditional whale fishery in the world. From the shores of Bequia, the whalers go out to sea in their homemade boats to hunt the humpback whale.

Whale fishing from Bequia was started by Bill Wallace, a Scotsman, who, around 1800, established the industry which was to form one of the main occupations in the Grenadines, until its collapse seventeen decades later. Soon after Wallace came the Frenchman Joseph Ollivere, who built his station on Semples Cay, just south of Bequia by a half-mile. His son, following in his father's wake, put down his shore base on the island of Petit Nevis (sometimes called Whale Island), close by Semples Cay. It is this last fishery that is still working, using the traditional methods of Mr. Wallace and the Messrs. Ollivere. The method is an adaptation of the old New England way.

The Bequia whaleboats are similar in design to the Bettle boats of the New England era of whaling, but are constructed of local cedar ribs on pitch-pine planks. (They're built the same way as the sloops and schooners for which Bequia is also famous.) The rig is an almost vertical gaff on a very low-profile mast/boom ratio, with the jib almost as large as the mainsail. The boats can do fifteen knots and need a skilled sailor to handle them. They are sailed out from the beach on which they were constructed by the whalemen, and not from a mother ship as in most other whaling.

During and after World War II whaling went through a depression. No whales were caught and many of the whalemen left the island to work on the world's freighters. In 1958, the then dying company of Semples Cay caught three whales and interest revived in what had seemed to be a dead trade. However, three whales were not sufficient to stop the closing of the Semples Cay operation, and the fishery on Petit Nevis became the last of its kind. The years following showed a slight improvement: During the period 1959-1968 six whales were taken. Then, in 1969 alone, six whales were harpooned, making Bequia whaling a viable proposition once more.

In two boats the whalers patrol the likely spots every good day of the mid-February-to-April season. The men

arise before sunup, carry water and a rice lunch, and set sail for a twelve-hour day in search of the whale—cruising up to forty miles. The sea and winds are changeable and weeks may pass before a whale is sighted. The only days spent on shore are those when the sea is too choppy to see the whales blow, or the rain too heavy to see far enough ahead. If a whale is sighted from land the seamen are signaled with a mirror, or a small fishing boat goes out with the word. Then each man prepares himself for what must be one of the most difficult and hazardous of maritime maneuvers.

One boat goes directly toward the whale while the second gets into position downwind in case a second attempt is needed. The first boat sails up to the whale if possible; if the wind is from the wrong quarter, it is rowed up with muffled oars. The harpooner then strikes the iron and the Bequia version of the "Nantucket sleighride" takes place. The harpoon is the same toggle iron used in New England whale hunting, the head of which swivels at right angles to the shaft when it tries to pull out. The whale is finished with a lance—a six-foot swordlike instrument—unless the whale is made fast badly in which case a bomb-lance is used. When the struggle ends the whale is secured under the boat (the humpback being negatively buoyant) and the red flag is hoisted. Now, unless they are lucky enough to be upwind on the station, the crew must row the whale back to Petit Nevis.

THE PEOPLE of Bequia and the surrounding islands, together with the odd tourist who is fortunate enough to be here at the right time, gather at the whaling station for the cutting-in, in the course of which much local rum is consumed. The blubber is prepared for rendering in huge iron cauldrons within the station house. The oil is then shipped abroad. (Unfortunately, in recent years the market for whale oil has declined because of the use of synthetic products; new markets are being sought. A little of the oil is used locally for curing ills from stomach-ache to warts.) The red meat, which is much like coarse, lean beef, is shared among the crews and the men on shore; what's left over is offered to the public for thirty cents per pound.

That night Petit Nevis is aglow with charcoal fires, prepared for stewing the meat which will be eaten during the next few days. Grandmothers and small children tend the fires while the womenfolk cut and salt the remainder of the meat, readying it to lay on sun-heated rocks the next day (the dried meat lasts for as long as a year). The meat lying in rows gives off a not unpleasant odor and the fires add a unique eerieness to the night scene. So much activity is seldom seen in the islands—a thousand willing hands work with relish, all are thinking of the many meals to be had from the whale.

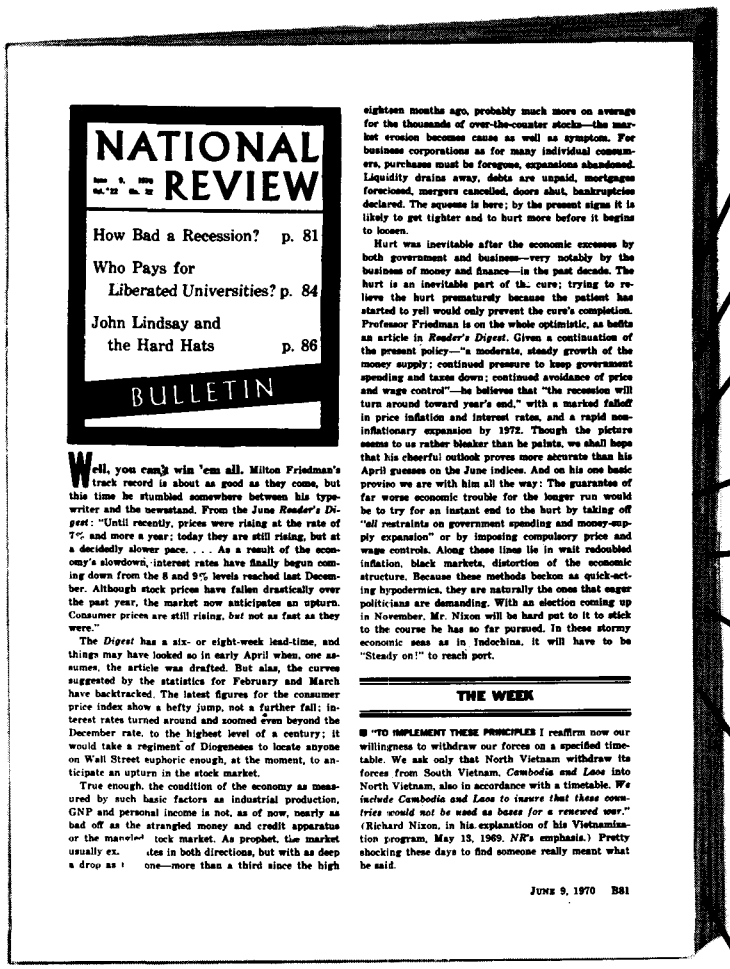
Whaling does not pay enough for any Bequian to make a living from it alone, but for men to whom the combat of an eighty-foot bull whale from a 25-foot boat seems fair, it is a grand way to earn some pocket money. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are 8 good reasons why you should subscribe to the *National Review* BULLETIN--do it right now and you can get the next 6 months for just $3.89

■ If you like to keep up with (and even ahead of) the significant news, then you should *definitely* be reading the *National Review* BULLETIN: it packs a wealth of behind-the-scenes information into its fast-reading eight pages. Its *unduplicated* reporting (8 separate features in all) brings you the kind of *inside* news you simply can't get elsewhere.

■ And, if you enjoy *National Review* Magazine, you'll love the BULLETIN! It's the sparkling newsletter that keeps you posted (NR style) on alternate weeks when the magazine is not published. Don't put it off—fill out the handy card *now,* and mail it today and you'll get the next thirteen important issues of the BULLETIN for only $3.89.



NATIONAL REVIEW

How Bad a Recession? p. 81

Who Pays for Liberated Universities? p. 84

John Lindsay and the Hard Hats p. 86

BULLETIN

Well, you can't win 'em all. Milton Friedman's track record is about as good as they come, but this time he stumbled somewhere between his typewriter and the newsstand. From the June *Reader's Digest*: "Until recently, prices were rising at the rate of 7% and more a year; today they are still rising, but at a decidedly slower pace. . . . As a result of the economy's slowdown, interest rates have finally begun coming down from the 8 and 9% levels reached last December. Although stock prices have fallen drastically over the past year, the market now anticipates an upturn. Consumer prices are still rising, *but* not as fast as they were."

The *Digest* has a six- or eight-week lead-time, and things may have looked so in early April when, one assumes, the article was drafted. But alas, the curves suggested by the statistics for February and March have backtracked. The latest figures for the consumer price index show a hefty jump, not a further fall; interest rates turned around and zoomed even beyond the December rate, to the highest level of a century; it would take a regiment of Diogeneses to locate anyone on Wall Street euphoric enough, at the moment, to anticipate an upturn in the stock market.

True enough, the condition of the economy as measured by such basic factors as industrial production, GNP and personal income is not, as of now, nearly as bad off as the strangled money and credit apparatus or the mangled stock market. As prophet, the market usually ex... ...tes in both directions, but with as deep a drop as t... ...one—more than a third since the high eighteen months ago, probably much more on average for the thousands of over-the-counter stocks—the market erosion becomes cause as well as symptom. For business corporations as for many individual consumers, purchases must be foregone, expansions abandoned. Liquidity drains away, debts are unpaid, mortgages foreclosed, mergers cancelled, doors shut, bankruptcies declared. The squeeze is here; by the present signs it is likely to get tighter and to hurt more before it begins to loosen.

Hurt was inevitable after the economic excesses by both government and business—very notably by the business of money and finance—in the past decade. The hurt is an inevitable part of the cure; trying to relieve the hurt prematurely because the patient has started to yell would only prevent the cure's completion. Professor Friedman is on the whole optimistic, as befits an article in *Reader's Digest*. Given a continuation of the present policy—"a moderate, steady growth of the money supply; continued pressure to keep government spending and taxes down; continued avoidance of price and wage control"—he believes that "the recession will turn around toward year's end," with a marked falloff in price inflation and interest rates, and a rapid non-inflationary expansion by 1972. Though the picture seems to us rather bleaker than he paints, we shall hope that his cheerful outlook proves more accurate than his April guesses on the June indices. And on his one basic proviso we are with him all the way: The guarantee of far worse economic trouble for the longer run would be to try for an instant end to the hurt by taking off "all restraints on government spending and money-supply expansion" or by imposing compulsory price and wage controls. Along these lines lie in wait redoubled inflation, black markets, distortion of the economic structure. Because these methods beckon as quick-acting hypodermics, they are naturally the ones that eager politicians are demanding. With an election coming up in November, Mr. Nixon will be hard put to it to stick to the course he has so far pursued. In these stormy economic seas as in Indochina, it will have to be "Steady on!" to reach port.

THE WEEK

■ "TO IMPLEMENT THESE PRINCIPLES I reaffirm now our willingness to withdraw our forces on a specified timetable. We ask only that North Vietnam withdraw its forces from South Vietnam, *Cambodia and Laos* into North Vietnam, also in accordance with a timetable. *We include Cambodia and Laos to insure that these countries would not be used as bases for a renewed war.*" (Richard Nixon, in his explanation of his Vietnamization program, May 13, 1969. *NR*'s emphasis.) Pretty shocking these days to find someone really meant what he said.

JUNE 9, 1970 B81

IMPORTANT

The BULLETIN is available by subscription only; however, if you pick up your *National Review* from a newsstand, or are reading a friend's copy you are eligible to use the postage paid card facing this page. Just fill it in and return it to *National Review*. And if someone beat you to the card simply write direct to Mr. James P. McFadden, c/o *National Review,* 150 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016. He'll see to it that your subscription is entered at this bargain rate and receives prompt attention.

1. THE WEEK:
A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:
A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:
A provocative report by "Winston," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government —that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

4. WHAT'S AHEAD:
A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

5. PEOPLE:
The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

6. AT HOME:
A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Mr. Evans has established himself as one of the nation's keenest political analysts and is particularly noted for his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues that plague us today;

7. ABROAD:
This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here;

8. BUSINESS:
Not a stock-market "dopesheet" but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news. It is designed to interest the layman as well as the expert and has become widely known for its perceptive analysis of business trends both here and abroad. Money, prices, wages, investments, inflation, automation — all the components of our remarkable society — suddenly have a special meaning for you when seen through the eyes of Editor Donald Waterford.

**The BULLETIN is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published. Regular rate: $8.00 per year available by subscription only.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is Our Civilization Oversubscribed?

GARRY WILLS

Starvation or Plenty?
By Colin Clark
Taplinger, 180 pp., $4.95

Professor Clark moves in an exceedingly straight line, and if you let him get a grip on your hand at the outset he has a good chance, step by step, of marching you quick-time right to his objective, which is not so much a false one as too quickly (by *Blitzkrieg*) carried. So don't put your hand out. Draw back a little, and reflect: A statement slanting in on things from one angle may be true to everything it touches as it goes through the tangled mass. It is customary to call such partial insights "half-true." If that were the case, our problem would be simple—to find the *other* half of the truth. But a multiplicity of views, angled variously in, may report nothing but the truth of what they touch, be "whole" truths in that sense, yet only *thin* truths, cutting a small laser-path of light through a subject, not flooding the situation with light all around, making it glow with light all through. This latter kind of "whole truth" is rare. Most views are more or less inclusive "thin truths" —and no better example of this could be found than Professor Clark's thin truth.

He argues that we can feed any foreseeable number of people; that we have the resources, if only we will use them; that we are better equipped to feed the mass of men than any preceding age; that this challenge, once embraced, could lead us on to great achievements (e.g., the settling of space, pushing out frontiers, humanizing the universe).

Give or take this or that quibble along the way, he makes his argument stand up, as well as such things can (the future is a hypothetical sphere)—as well, at any rate, as the prophets of an impending moment when we shall have bred ourselves to death. Clark's is, then, a truth of a sort, complete in itself, a whole truth within its order. But what that order is, he himself tells us at the outset: "The problems of bringing the fruits of the world's abundant productivity to those who most need them are political and administrative, rather than economic or scientific, and the author is not well qualified to write on them." His truth sinks, with that sentence, to the level of periodic "discoveries" that we can now abolish poverty, unemployment, war and other such evils; no necessity, physical or logical, rules out such action; science puts it within man's potentialities; the problem of carrying out the program is, therefore, merely "political and administrative," not "economic or scientific"—only *man* stands in the way; and man, for all his perversity, must be convinced that the cost is too great to pay if he does *not* eliminate these evils at last.

WHAT it comes down to is this: Man, if he were self-controlled and saintly, has the economic resources to feed the unborn races. But man is not self-controlled and saintly; indeed, one of the things that keeps him from striving very effectively to be either is the *present* overpopulation. Professor Clark's one use is to draw attention from the doomsday approach to population, the prediction that we shall all be starving shortly, or choking, or drowning in our own garbage. Such predictions, often proved false from the time of Malthus on, distract us from the more important question, whether earth is *at present* overpopulated. Men are probably too blind and cattlelike to avert some future catastrophe, even if they could know for sure it is on its way. If we are ever to limit population effectively, it will not be to benefit our descendants (if any), but our contemporaries, ourselves, our friends already living. The question to be asked, if one wants action, is not "Might we have too many people some day?" but "Do we have too many people today?"

The answer is yes. We are, as a civilization, oversubscribed. Everything from our cities to our classrooms, our highways to our electric circuits, is overcrowded. Almost every social problem we experience is aggravated by the sheer numbers of people involved—the numbers seeking jobs, education, welfare, seats on planes, taxis on streets, breathable air in our cities. Consider the impact of numbers on crime. On one side, the number of potential criminals, the crowding of them in on each other at such schools of crime as our dehumanizing slums and straining prisons, the number of opportunities for crime offered them, the vast innocent population to be defended (in their person and property), the scarcity of useful alternative careers for those who want to burrow in our vast hives for a dishonest livelihood. On the other side, the sheer logistical jamming caused by the amount of policemen, of vehicles, of communication equipment that must be mobilized and spread throughout our society to counter the criminal threat.

There are both too many people doing things (the chances for human error multiply as our system becomes more interdependent) and too many people with nothing useful to do. These latter are accommodated by a progressively extended gradation of "baby-sitting" devices, from the TV screen that takes children off parents' hands to the pre-school, the school itself, and the post-school school (this latter offering what amounts almost to a lifetime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ JULY BOOKS: *Play It as It Lays*, a new novel by *NR* contributor Joan Didion (Farrar, $5.95). . . . *Crystal Cave*, Mary Stewart's novel about Merlin (Morrow, $7.95). . . . The Silent Majority has its say in *Whitetown, U.S.A.*, a study of the blue-collar folks of Kensington in Philadelphia by *Evening Bulletin* Urban Affairs editor Peter Binzen. The author, *mirabile dictu*, failed to find a Hitler under every bed (Random House, $6.95). . . . Both from Putnam, $6.95 each: *The Conservative Tradition in European Thought*, edited by Robert L. Scheuttinger, and *The Liberal Tradition in European Thought*, edited by David Sidorsky.

■ AUGUST BOOKS: Edgar Smith, now thirteen years in the death house and long familiar to *NR* readers, follows his *Brief Against Death* with a novel about two teen-agers up on a murder rap, *A Reasonable Doubt* (Coward-McCann, $5.95). . . . *Bucher: My Story* is the *Pueblo* skipper's own account and could be one of the year's live ones (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Also from Doubleday, *Frank Sullivan through the Looking Glass* offers a collection of humor by the *New Yorker* star ($5.95).

Going to Jail by Dr. Jerome Levy and David Miller, who have, describes itself as a handbook for "political prisoners," you should pardon the question-begging euphemism (Grove, $6). . . . Capone's mentor finally gets biographical treatment in *Johnny Torrio, First of the Gang Lords* by Jack McPhaul, veteran crime reporter on the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Arlington House, $7.95). . . . If the excerpts already published in *Life* and the *New York Times* are a fair guide, Albert Speer's memoirs, *Inside the Third Reich*, should be the best book yet on the Nazis. It will be a hefty one, over 600 pages. Macmillan, sensing it has a winner, is pricing it at a fat $12.50.

■ Educated guesses along Publishers' Row about rationale behind two recent mergers: *a*) Norton Simon acquired Simon and Schuster because former, having launched *McCall's* book division with executive talent and no authors, needed a backlist and a full-blown publishing company—which was cheaper to buy than to start from scratch. Whereas S&S, weakened in recent years by executive losses and going nowhere fast, saw a way out via the merger route. *b*) Raytheon acquired Atheneum to get a trade arm to balance its D. C. Heath textbook line and, presumably, realize economies out of it all (economies which, some old-timers predict, will prove mostly chimerical). Atheneum, started in 1959 by three Big Men in Publishing, built a prestigious list, had its share of best-sellers (Teddy White, Robert Ardrey, Luigi Barzini), but never turned the corner. Meanwhile, the end of the merge mania may be in sight—if only because so few publishing independents are left.

career of professional adolescence). As the slums are nurseries of inactivity and crime, so the universities have become nurseries of inactivity and discontent. The young live in a thirteen-to-thirty limbo, frustrated; the society has nothing for them to do. Our students eat well—no argument with Clark over that detail—but they look around and see too many other students, a thousand simulacra of themselves, a thousand rivals for openings (if there were openings) in the outer world, a set of infinite reflections as in a hall of mirrors, a hypnotic challenge to the belief that each one is unique, valuable, irreplaceable.

CONSIDERED in the arid world of agronomic possibilities (a world of amino acids brewing), the mere challenge of feeding multitudes could perhaps be overcome, could serve as the incitement Clark imagines, prodding man on to noble deeds. But the press of people upon the man who is working out these solutions makes him less calm and competent. The effects of ecological and psychological "crowding" are all too obvious in our large cities. Man gets edgy and irritable, and his response irritates those around him, in a reciprocal and escalating process. Population density, by exacerbating other problems, makes this combination of forces practically dehumanizing.

What to do? Decrease population by any means—war, machine gun, infanticide? Obviously not. Deciding how far the goal is feasible—i.e., whether we can find practical and moral means for reaching it—must wait upon a consensus that the goal *is desirable*, that it is desirable, *now*, to limit population—not in order to head off some nutritional or ecological apocalypse on the morrow, but to ease the cramped distorting pressures we already feel. Professor Clark intends, as his closing remarks indicate, to deny that this is a desirable goal in itself, and to encourage our insensitivity to what crowding does to man. That is what makes his book (despite all the author's humanitarian services in India and elsewhere) pernicious. □

FICTION

Local Anaesthetic
By Günter Grass
Harcourt, 284 pp., $6.95

Journey for Joedel
By Guy Owen
Crown, 189 pp., $4.95

The Fierce and Beautiful World
By Andrei Platonov, translated by Joseph Barnes
Dutton, 252 pp., $6.95

HONEST MEN

GUY DAVENPORT

An art was reborn when Günter Grass published *The Tin Drum* a decade ago. The German novel from Weimar to the fall of the Third Reich was written by men who were European of temperament; their models were still Zola and Flaubert. Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* may be the most German novel ever written; yet only its subject is Germanic. Its shape is English; its texture of irony and symbolism, French. Günter Grass is German to the marrow of his bones, and his art has all the lumpiness and angular exuberance of the deepest traditions of Teutonic art. It has all the naïve thoroughness of the true Goth. It is generous and therefore repetitious. It is prolific of detail, gloriously tedious, garishly comic, and in the whole effect of its overworked grandeur uncompromisingly grim.

Or Grimm. For the elaborate symbolism and grotesqueness of Herr Grass' novels is in the gnarled mode of the German folktale. The goblin and the troll, scarcely disguised by modern clothes, haunt Grass' novels as if a thousand years had not passed. *The Tin Drum*, *Cat and Mouse* and *Dog Years*, the first three novels, are all variants of the same story—what the twelve years of Nazidom did to certain Danziger souls.

Now in his fourth novel, Günter Grass writes about contemporary Ger-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many, and the blackness in the wind this time is from the left rather than the right. And as usual, the plot is a riddle. Its surface is fairly simple—a forty-year-old school teacher tries to keep rational communication with his most brilliant pupil, a young man who is planning to burn his dog in front of Berlin's most fashionable restaurant as a protest against the American involvement in Vietnam. This struggle between experience and enthusiasm is cast as a metaphor so extensive that it fills the novel—it is characteristic of Grass and of Northern art to suspend a novel along a doggedly sustained single figure of speech. Do not the cathedrals of the Goths resolve when seen from above into a cross, and the ships of the Norsemen into a suave dragon?

The metaphor that Herr Grass finds so useful is dentistry as a mirror of modern life. The dentist, to begin with, is the doctor required by civilized life; he exists because we no longer tear scorched meat from a reindeer bone, or soften leather by chewing it, or finish off our enemies with a bite in the jugular. And because we consume Sybaritic food. Once we are in the dentist's chair, however, we need a courage far more archaic than our appetite for sweet glop. But anaesthesia has solved all that. The local anaesthetic is the true miracle of modernity, and it may have come in a very long time ago as a mode of thought before it assumed its physiological form. It began as Stoicism. And has become among civilized men the ethically respectable way of anaesthetizing a painful conscience. At least Grass' protagonist begins to see his dealings with the young as teaching them merely how to apply the Stoic anaesthetic to their throbbing idealism. At which point his student discovers Stoicism all by himself, and symbolically lands in the dentist's chair.

We have had, Herr Grass would seem to say, quite enough of fanaticism, just as we have had quite enough of the frozen Stoic mind. Sanity is elasticity of thought, balance, intelligence. But so subtle a novel ought not to be reduced to a formula, especially as it is for the play of Grass' nimble intellect that one keeps reading this finely rendered novel.

GUY OWEN, author of *The Ballad of the Flim-Flam Man*, is a North Carolina poet, essayist, novelist and teacher; one wants to be aware of the full range of his talents because of their humanistic concern, the steady and clear-eyed quality of which pervades his new novel. Mr. Owen is a prose stylist of great skill; he writes an English that has dew on it.

Journey for Joedel is a novel about a North Carolina tobacco-country boy's initiation into his own world: the tedious care that must go into growing and marketing tobacco, the rather studied prejudice to which he is open (his mother is Indian, his father white), and the archaic code of courtesy and violence by which he must conduct his life. The plot is simple: a wagon trip to a tobacco auction and back again, but this is all that Mr. Owen needs to draw an entire community and its manners. Mr. Owen's compassion for his characters is intelligent and controlled, keeping so tender a story well away from the sentimentality which a lesser writer would have found in it. This short, neatly plotted novel is written with a rare intensity of vision.

ANDREI PLATONOV was born in 1899 in a Russian village. He died in obscurity in 1951. His literary career, begun with the blessing of Gorky, was blighted almost from the start when a story he had written fell under the critical eye of Stalin himself, who wrote *Scum! (Padónki!)* across it in red pencil. He was not arrested, but his fifteen-year-old son was, and died after two years in the Arctic concentration camp at Norilsk. From 1923 to 1927 Platonov worked as a land-reclamation expert in the most desperately poor central regions of Russia. It is out of this experience that he wrote the novella *Dzhan* which forms the large part of the present collection of his stories. A *dzhan* is a ghost seeking to quiet its anguish, and Platonov uses the word to describe the uprooted and wandering Turkmen tribes who, remnants of the ancient barbarian hordes, had no role to play in Soviet Russia and were thus abandoned to their own ingenuity, which reached the stage of cannibalism during the period of starvation.

Platonov is a realist as only the Russians can be realists, unsparing and utterly without any literary device except the exact and telling detail. The result seems to Western eyes more myth than reality, as Platonov's inner Russia is incredibly strange. Yet one does not doubt the authenticity of these stories, for they are obviously the hard work of a man who knows that their characters and settings are remote and unknown to Muscovites and Petrograders, and he is diligently trying to interpret them.

Everywhere in Platonov but never on the surface is his suspicion of the Soviet ideal as it touches the lives of peasants and nomads for whom it can have no meaning whatever. Hence Stalin's red pencil. There has been a recent discovery of Platonov in Russia, and editions of his work have sold widely. The manuscript of a major work was lost during the war; it was called *Travels in Humanity*, a title that might apply to all of his work. Unknown in his lifetime and only now printed in his native land, Platonov deserves a distinguished place among modern writers, not only for the terrible clarity of his sense of human suffering, but for the integrity of his art at a time when he could have written differently and pleased a tyranny that needed all the lies it could buy. □

Adam Smith: The Man and His Works
By E. G. West
Arlington House, 215 pp., $5.00

THE MORAL BASE OF THE FREE ECONOMY

JAMES E. DORNAN JR.

"One may well wonder," Professor West observes toward the close of this well-written biography, "why America has not rejoiced in Adam Smith more than it has done." It is an interesting question. Smith by all accounts is the pre-eminent philosopher of democratic capitalism, yet even in the halcyon days of laissez faire in America relatively little attention was paid to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scottish thinker whose economic theory constitutes the most cogent early defense of the free economy. The explanation is doubtless to be found in this nation's fabled distaste for social theorizing: not a speculative people, we have in the main accepted our free political and economic institutions as the national birthright, and exhibited little interest in their philosophical underpinnings. We thus now stand in considerable measure disarmed before the ideological enemy: the intellectual and political currents of the twentieth century have demonstrated that liberty is neither self-evidently the highest political value nor man's inevitable destiny, and our populace now gropes about, hesitant and uncertain, in the face of increasing challenges to the free society from within and without.

It is this gap in America's self-understanding that Arlington House's "Architects of Freedom" sequence is designed partially to fill. The relatively brief biographical studies which comprise the series are intended to introduce the general reader to the lives and ideas of the principal figures who set the American political tradition on its early course. As West points out, it was not only the political revolution of 1776, but the simultaneously occurring revolution in commercial and economic thinking as well, which made a final end of medieval society. The mores of the early eighteenth century exhibited both a distaste for economic activity and a seldom-questioned devotion to the mercantilist system. In Smith's lifetime, however, interest in less constrictive policies was spreading —slowly to be sure—in commercial circles, stimulated in part by awareness of the profits to be made in the expanding economic universe.

THE TIMES, thus, were ready for Adam Smith. He early perceived the connection between wealth and international trade. His ideas on the relative efficiency of the market economy developed apace, and were later confirmed (not conceived, as scholars once contended) as a result of his interactions with the physiocrats and other French thinkers during his travels in Europe as tutor to the Duke of Buccleugh. In early lectures at Edinburgh and as Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, he gave initial expression to parts of his unfolding economic theory, and developed the pungency of style—the direct, colorful, yet occasionally eloquent manner of presentation—which makes his work still a joy to read. Smith's stylistic proficiency was no accident; he was driven by "a burning desire to reshape, polish and sharpen the language into a serviceable tool of analytic thought." West also reminds us that Smith was an outstanding lecturer as well as thinker, a man whose intellectual interests extended far beyond economics to embrace history, rhetoric and belles-lettres generally. Teacher of Boswell, friend of Burke, intimate of Hume, member of the Select Society of Edinburgh and well-known clubman, Smith was a full participant in the life of his time.

West sets forth, succinctly and clearly, the principal tenets of the theory of free enterprise as Smith defined them. It was Smith's core conviction that a sound economic system—one which rested on the free market mechanism—could make it possible for the pursuit of individual interest rationally conceived to serve the interests of society at large, and in the process enhance national wealth beyond the remotest expectations of the mercantilists. Moreover, Smith (and Professor West deserves credit for stressing this point) explicitly called attention to the necessary relationship between the free market economy and the free polity: The widespread dispersal of wealth which would follow the destruction of the mercantilist oligopoly, he argued, would compel governments to solicit support from a widening proportion of the populace, and ultimately win for the people a share of political power.

Over the years, of course, Smith's theory has been criticized often. He is commonly denounced for a utopian failure to perceive that the pursuit of self-interest is as apt to be irrational as not: greed and ignorance, alone or in combination, may blind men to their own long-term good, and their consequent pursuit of temporary advantage may lead them to destroy themselves, both economically and in a larger sense, and in the process damage society as well. As West emphasizes, Smith was well aware of this difficulty. For important economic reasons, he felt, the pursuit of wealth is a "necessary deception." However little it may ultimately satisfy man's higher desires and expectations, his quest for an improved economic condition nevertheless "keeps in continual motion the industry of mankind," and leads to the cultivation of the earth, the founding of cities, the building of great nations, and finally the ennoblement and enrichment of human life for an ever-broadening share of the population.

BUT what of the more basic objection? Can the free economy be preserved under conditions of political freedom, Smith asked himself, given the postulates concerning human nature on which his analysis rests? Contrary to the conventional wisdom, Smith never unqualifiedly stated that the pursuit of self-interest *would* result in benefits for all; he believed merely that it *could* do so, under proper conditions. He remained fully aware that man as producer and as participant in democratic politics might well seek—and gain—from government special protections from the vagaries of the market which could weaken and perhaps destroy the market economy. Here West presents us with a picture of Smith quite unlike the free enterprise ideologue of collectivist mythology. Smith's "harmony of interests" is far from automatic, requiring, in fact, careful nurturing if it is to survive.

West is concerned throughout to rescue Smith from the charge that he is an arid hedonist, obsessed with the processes by which wealth is accumulated, and stresses Smith's insistence in his early work that economics is only a part of the total body of knowledge which is his real concern. In his work as a whole, he postulates a natural morality and a natural sociality as well, rejecting at one and the same time the utilitarian individualism of Hobbes, the moral sense theory of Hutcheson and the skepticism of Hume. West argues that in Smith's total philosophy the empathy-sociality approach supersedes the deistic-utilitarian; in fact, he seems to suggest that for Smith the hypothesis of an "invisible hand" is at bottom a mere expression of faith in the wisdom of a benevolent God.

There are difficulties in Professor West's efforts to resurrect Adam Smith, the total moral and social philosopher. If Smith is of relevance today, it is because of *The Wealth of Nations*: his praise of economics and his clear articulation of the principles of the free economy are as significant now as they were in 1776. To be sure, Smith offers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no certain advice on how to preserve economic freedom under conditions of modern democracy, but he tells us what the free economy is and how it may function. Concerned Americans would do well to read West's volume, and ponder it. Perhaps some will then turn to *The Wealth of Nations.* □

Freud and Philosophy
By Paul Ricoeur, translated by Denis Savage
Yale, 572 pp., $15.00

THE FREUD OF THE SEVENTIES

RONALD BERMAN

The Common Reader is going to be horrified by most of this book, which is full of the dead language of modern philosophy. It is for the amateur simply unreadable, a collection of all those hermeneutic terms which are now part of our inflated language of ideas. But it is of course a good deal more, and where it condescends to simplicity proves to be a work of great importance. The intention is to accomplish three things: reinterpretation of symbolic theory; evaluation of the process of psychoanalysis; criticism of Freud's writing. Limits of space, patience and understanding will confine me to the review of only the last.

There is no question but that Ricoeur succeeds in assimilating Freudian psychology into the greater body of philosophy, and proving relationships between Freud and, among others, Hegel. Some of the most significant things in this book concern Freud's standing among all those who have dealt in symbolic theory. There is for example an account of *Moses and Monotheism* which is part exegesis and part comparative philosophy. Ricoeur first goes over the historical matter in a most compelling way, proceeding from the assumption that the act of writing this book was itself an "exorcism." It was an intellectual gesture against the narcissism of being Jewish, of sharing the authorship of the Mosaic ethic and the concept of monotheism. In short, as an act of deprivation the book applies not only to the truths of religion but to the satisfactions of illusion.

The second thing that Ricoeur does is to review the anomalies, to show that Freud's concept of historical accuracy was somewhat fluid, to say the least: Moses and Akhenaten have been linked together at the pleasure of the analyst and against what evidence we have from archaeology and linguistics. Ricoeur's conclusion is of great interest since we have all been *satisfied* that Freud's historical work is essentially "mythical." What he has to say on this deserves quotation:

> Through the course of the years, Freud kept reinforcing the notion that the memory of the primal killing is a memory of a real event. . . . If then, for Freud, religion is archaic and repetitive, it is to a great extent because religion is drawn backward by the remembrance of a murder that belongs to its prehistory and constitutes what *Moses and Monotheism* calls "the truth in religion." The truth resides in memory: whatever is added by the imagination is, as in dreams, distortion; whatever is added by rational thought is, again as in dreams, secondary elaboration, rationalization, and superstition. Thus Freud deliberately turns his back on the demythologizing interpretations which, from Schelling to Bultmann, deprive myths of an etiological function. . . .

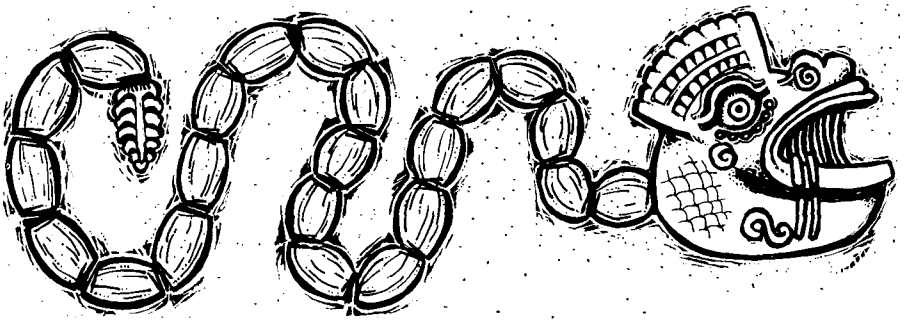
The last lines are clearly relevant to comparative philosophy; if Freud differs from Bultmann and other linguistic analysts it is precisely because a *real* act, a truth, supports the structure of theory. The primal killing is not a symbol of social disagreement; it is the source of human guilt, the actual human patrimony. Freudianism, it would appear, is far too theological for linguistic analysis without mediation.

FREUD'S literary studies occupy a central place in this book because he is less reductive in dealing with art than religion. We must be grateful for Ricoeur's attention to those essays, since Freud is most often remembered by those who believe that Hamlet was in love with his mother. There is a very lucid treatment of "The Theme of the Three Caskets," an essay which I think is the best of its kind. Perhaps the most important thing Ricoeur does with these essays is to subject them to symbolic logic.

A good example is the Freudian treatment of *Oedipus Rex*, that nodal point in the history of art and confusion. The orthodox Freudian position is that the play has lasted despite its dialectic: The omnipotence of the gods and fallibility of mankind are themes which Freud did not believe could any longer excite our interest. There must be some hidden meaning, some secret that energizes the play and makes it meaningful to the modern audience. This is of course a very chancy supposition, one that leads to Freud's eccentric views on Shakespeare and the downright craziness of his followers. Anyone who has plowed through the pages of *American Imago* must be astounded to see what deductions are drawn of Shakespeare's inner life from the examination of his works. Desdemona's penis-envy and Prospero's *in-zest-motiv* are two of the accomplishments which spring to mind.

Ricoeur, of a vastly different order of intelligence, really has something to say about the Oedipal situation in literature. It is not, he urges, only that Oedipus has done what we all would do, kill his father and marry his mother. The point of the play is its reflective power. On the basis of incest and parricide Sophocles has erected our central intellectual drama, that of consciousness itself. The drama consists not of the unwieldy issues of inherited and fated guilt, as difficult to feel as they are to organize, but in the "second guilt" of the agonist, his unawareness and pride. This is to remove the matter from the libido and make the question that of self-consciousness.

From this point a Hegelian dialectic is constructed. The sphinx of the Oedipus legend is seen, as Freud saw it, representing the enigma of birth.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tiresias becomes representative of increasing consciousness, and Ricoeur is finely aware of the play in the text on the ideas of "light" and "blindness." There is an ulterior motive to this discussion because it leads inevitably into the entire question of art and its sources. That question is well-handled. Without being simplistic (like those who see in *Hamlet* Shakespeare's relationship with his mother and with Queen Elizabeth) Ricoeur tries to prove the fundamental Freudian doctrine: that all creativity is related to the satisfactions of dreams and neuroses. The argument can hardly be settled, even if a compromise is reached which takes the form of asserting that Freud, like the Plato of the *Ion* and *Symposium*, sees the underlying unity of the poetic and erotic. That is of course not precisely a Freudian revelation; we have known for some time of the resemblance of lunatic, lover and poet. But Ricoeur's remarks on the "disclosures" are most intelligent, and his attempts to understand the entire process of recognition are rewarding in the highest degree. □

ART

THE AMERICAN NINETEENTH CENTURY

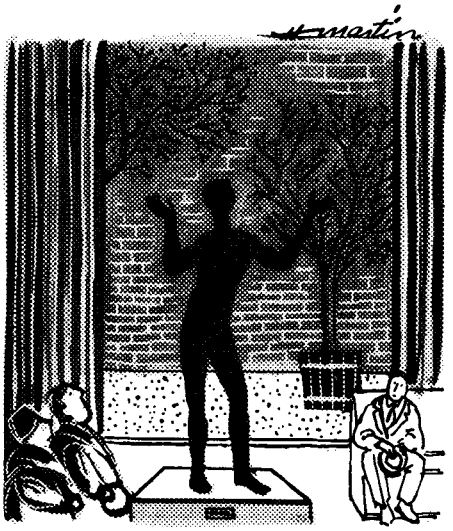
RUTH BERENSON

This spring, in apparent defiance of that repudiation of patriotism and history which characterizes so-called progressive circles, some American museums are celebrating, with considerable panache, the achievements of our nineteenth-century past. The Metropolitan has filled its former European painting galleries with an encyclopedic exhibition of the nineteenth century in general, and Washington's National Gallery inaugurated a traveling show devoted to that nineteenth-century phenomenon, the American *trompe l'oeil* painters. (This will be at New York's Whitney Museum May 19-June 12; at the University Museum, Berkeley and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, July 15-August 31; at the Detroit Institute of Arts September 1-October 31.) I'm happy to recommend both displays.

The opening of the Met's nineteenth-century effort coincided with the museum's official hundredth birthday, celebrated with even more brouhaha than one has come to expect from that master of the headlines, Director Thomas P. F. ("Publicity Forever") Hoving. It started with a Sunday champagne brunch for the art press (and a lot of hangers-on; I never knew there were so many of us); Monday was Open House for the Public, which looked on bemusedly as Mr. Hoving and Mayor Lindsay turned on one (the other is still unfinished) of the two concrete-imbedded fountains which replace the green grass and magnolia trees which formerly graced the museum's Fifth Avenue entrance, and then proceeded indoors for free Coke and birthday cake, hourly concerts in the auditorium and gallery talks in English and Spanish (why the latter are not a constant feature is a puzzlement). After hoi polloi had been evicted, the (new) doors were thrown open once more to admit the white-tied elite, at $125 a couple, to a ball honoring the museum's deficit (fountains cost more than magnolias); like everything else these days, it attracted demonstrators—black-tied!—who walked decorously along Fifth Avenue protesting the Met's proposed expansion plans (of which more in another article).

THESE gala happenings unfortunately almost obscured "Nineteenth-Century America" which received scant critical notice. This was too bad, for it is by far the best of the centennial exhibition series which, to date, have been disappointing. What sets it off from most such surveys is that in addition to painting, with which museum-goers are pretty familiar, it includes sculpture, furniture, china, silver, glass and other oddments plus a beautifully installed glimpse of the era's architectural highlights. Up to now, interest in American architecture and decorative arts has been popularly confined to the colonial period, with a sidelong glance at the Shakers and the Pennsylvania Dutch: anything made in the nineteenth century has been either glossed over or pointed to in horror as an example of how bad bad taste can be. Our ancestors were unashamedly proud of their elaborate silver, their satin upholsteries of crimson and purple, the mother-of-pearl inlays and lush carvings which adorned their furniture.

The very fact that the interiors of their houses were described in the society columns or the newspapers as examples of "Gothic Revival," "Renaissance style" or "Neo-Grec" pleased them even more; it meant that they were onto the latest European fashion,



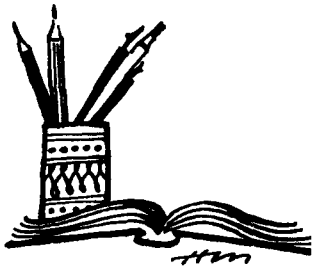
had joined the Victorian equivalent of the Beautiful People. Yet what is "good taste" to one generation is considered impossible by the next and the next; it seems to take at least three generations for the course to run full circle and for people to admire the acquisitions of their great-grandparents. From the vantage point of 1970, the very ornateness, the solid durability which so appalled our mothers and fathers thirty or forty years ago seems a welcome relief from the banalities of striped paintings, stainless steel flatware and free-form inflatables which are offered by today's interior decorators in the name of "good taste." One result of this show, I venture to predict, will be a price boom in nineteenth-century American antiques which will have little to do with the current inflation.

The American painters gathered together in "The Reality of Appearance," as the *trompe l'oeil* exhibition is called, were really practical jokers, masters of what is called today the "put-on" for art's sake. The magic realism and microscopic accuracy with which they rendered old newspaper clippings, roughened boards, $5 bills, postage stamps, torn photographs, was such that—at first glance, at least—the viewer was taken in, thought that he was seeing "the real thing," and was then delighted to discover that he had been fooled. This kind of painting is by no means peculiar to America; indeed, it goes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back at least as far as the ancient Greeks, who praised the artist Zeuxis for painting a theater curtain with grapes which looked so delicious that birds tried to eat them. But for some reason, perhaps just because Americans were notoriously fond of practical jokes, during the nineteenth century only American artists produced these amusingly accomplished put-ons; there is nothing like them in Europe.

During the 1880s and 1890s, especially, William M. Harnett, John F. Peto and John Haberle produced hundreds of these still-lifes; they hung forgotten in barrooms, theater and hotel lobbies, and attics all over the country until, in 1935, Harnett's "The Faithful Colt" found its way to a New York dealer who had never heard the artist's name. Yet Harnett had had a successful career, so much so that after his death in 1892, his name was forged to works by the lesser-known Peto; the two have only recently been disentangled by Alfred Frankenstein, art critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, whose moonlighting activities as an art detective have resurrected the whole group, with more pictures coming to light all the time. Though they are highly prized today not only for their painterly skill but their mastery of abstract design, these artists were mostly condemned by critics of their own time for catering to naïve preferences for vulgar realism;



Peto in particular was castigated for his "ugly" plebeian subject-matter wholly lacking in "spiritual" content, and most of his work remained unsold when he died.

That these artists were mining a truly American vein is evident from their obvious resemblance to the Pop artists of the 1960s: Portraits of Brillo boxes and magnified comic strips are as much put-ons as Haberle's $5 bills and cigar box labels. It delights me to see that what was recently hailed as the latest avant-garde manifestation is really only a pale reflection of a far older—and far more accomplished—aspect of American art. □

A nameplate should do more than identify your product

It should reflect the quality and pride you put into it. A distinctive nameplate adds eye-appeal and directly influences sales. That's why it should be an integral part of your product design.

And that's where Brady comes in. As nameplate specialists, we can help you meet mechanical, application and aesthetic objectives. Right from the start. First, with a wide choice of materials including sub-surface printed polyester or vinyl plastic films, anodized aluminum, surface finished aluminum and a selection of decorative trim. Second, with job-engineered adhesives that stick tight under all environmental conditions. Third, with attractive metallic, embossed or full color finishes that stay bright for the life of the product.

More, Brady self-bonding nameplates save time and costs. Die cut to precision limits, they apply fast and stick tight at a touch. Eliminate rivets, screws and other mechanical fasteners.

Write for free testing samples and catalog including specifications and adhesive data. Then talk to your factory-trained Brady representative.

719 25257

W. H. BRADY CO.
EST. 1914

719 West Glendale Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products; Self-Bonding Nameplates; Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are just a few bound volumes of COMBAT, the hard-hitting anti-communist newsletter, left. Volume I, (Sept. '68 to Dec. '69), is just crammed with important, inside information on leftist revolutionaries, communist agitators, student and Black radicals, plus shocking facts about many so-called respectable organizations. You simply can't find in the regular press the information COMBAT gives you. Handsomely-bound, Volume I of COMBAT is a handy, reliable and up-to-date source of facts that every conservative American should know. Volume I of COMBAT costs $25. To get your copy, just fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll bill you later if you prefer. *If you wish to subscribe to COMBAT, just fill in the appropriate information on the coupon below. We'll see to it that your COMBAT subscription is processed promptly!*

COMBAT · 150 E. 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me Volume I of COMBAT. ☐ payment $25 enclosed ☐ bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

Please enter my COMBAT subscription. ☐ payment $24 enclosed ☐ bill me later

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COURAGEOUS AND THE PROUD, *by Samuel Vance (Norton, 166 pp., $4.95).* Amid the clamor of assorted Black Panther disturbances, a young black patriot has written a personal account of the highlights of his year in Vietnam. Having served nine years as an Army enlisted man, Vance sees Vietnam as a blessing in disguise for many Negroes. He repeatedly asserts that Negro soldiers are called on for a disproportionate share of dangerous assignments, suggesting two possible reasons: white prejudice and black ability. While acknowledging the existence of the former, Vance insists that most often black men are singled out for their ability. Given the chance, they perform superlatively. The book sparks hope that a self-reliant Negro middle class will develop if enough Samuel Vances emerge. The tragedy is that Vance sees the Army, not private enterprise, offering the greatest opportunity for the Negro to exercise responsibility. Perhaps this explains Vance's equivocation about black street violence. One may suspect that even if a few liberals read the book, they will ignore its message because it lacks the usual prescriptions for collectivism. D. B. DUVAL

THE RISE OF ENOCH POWELL, *by Paul Foot (Penguin, 95¢).* Penguin Books, an organization founded by Sir Allan Lane to "educate" the working classes, has come out with an American edition of Paul Foot's *The Rise of Enoch Powell.* I am told by one of Penguin's Puffins, that the book was originally to be entitled "Black Powell," but the pun proved too much even for Mr. Foot, who only last year penned the only available hymn of praise to Mr. Harold Wilson, also published by Penguin. That this silly little exercise in nitpicking (for that is what Mr. Foot's book is) should be published in America while T. E. Utley's excellent *Enoch Powell, The Man and his Thinking,* by far the most intelligent account of Powell and Powellism, should be left to languish in British book stores, provides us with another glimpse at the capricious ways of the American book publishing industry. P. P. WITONSKI

EXPLORATIONS IN FREEDOM, *edited by Leopold Tyrmand (Free Press, 442 pp., $8.95).* The subtitle of this book is "Prose, Narrative and Poetry from *Kultura,*" which describes its contents rather more accurately than the title. Some of the pieces do indeed explore freedom (and slavery: both Andrey Sinyavsky and Yuri Daniel are included), but such unexpected delights as Andrzej Bobkowski's "From the Diary of a Model Airplane Maker" (it reminds me irresistibly of Manning Coles) and Stanislaw Vincenz' "A Rarity" have in common with the rest of the book only

CREATIVE ADVERTISING DESIGNS

ULTRA ARTS, INC.

150 East 35th Street • New York, N.Y. 10016
ORegon 9-7493-4

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your **old** address label here. Print **new** address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO**
☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $12.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they were written by exiles—if one considers Sinyavsky and Daniel to be such—and otherwise only that they appeared in *Kultura*. Or perhaps that is a superficial reaction: there may be a deeper underlying unity not visible at first reading. What is, in any case, visible at first reading is that this is a good book to leave around for a guest or anyone else who may be intrigued by Bobkowski's American travels, or Vincenz' Jewish folk-tale, and then continue reading into the damning indictments (for once this is not merely a cliché) of Communist society in the selections further on.

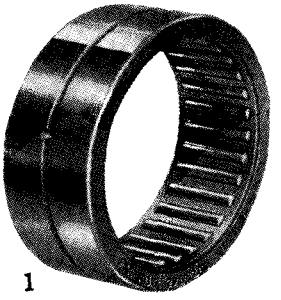
C. S. HORN

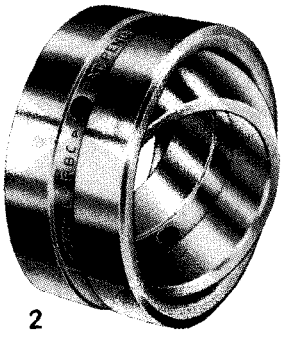
KULTURA ESSAYS, *edited by Leopold Tyrmand (Free Press, 360 pp., $9.95)*. This is the third book produced by Mr. Tyrmand to come across my desk this past month. Though his principles of selection are a little unclear, this one is likely (curious typography notwithstanding) the most valuable of the lot—valuable not only for what is being said but also for the fact of its being said originally in the pages of a journal published by Polish exiles. The double value is explicitly recognized by the inclusion of Juliusz Mieroszewski's long article (more than a quarter of the book) on "The Political Thought of *Kultura*" and is perhaps implicit in Zbigniew Jordan's "Marxist Revisionism in Poland" (though Jordan, in Canada, and absent from Poland since World War II, seems a little removed from some of the other contributors). The best reading in the book, I think, is in some of the shorter pieces not about Poland—Aleksander Wat's "The Death of an Old Bolshevik," George Gomori's account of Budapest in 1956, Gustav Herling-Grudzinski's literary studies—but this reaction may be the result of my distaste for political science and my liking for good journalism. In any event, Mr. Tyrmand's collection is worth looking into, and if one is seeking a discussion of modern art (there is one) and comes up instead with a history of Soviet duplicity (Miedzinski, "The Road to Moscow"), one can scarcely object to being reminded that "whoever, negotiating with [Moscow] brings honesty and good will . . . let him not expect he will be repaid in like currency."

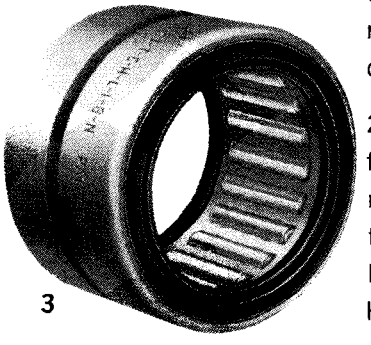
C. S. HORN

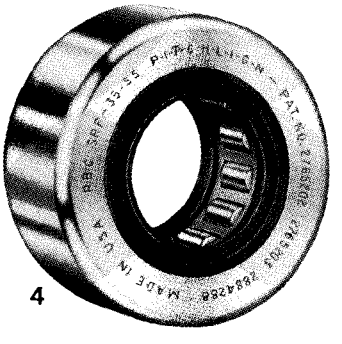
ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND, *edited by Greil Marcus (Beacon, $7.50)*. This collection of fourteen essays on how rock came about and why it is still alive and what it all means manages to make rock boring. It gives a short history of rock and how it has brought itself up—just about enough background for the reader to understand what the authors are talking about. But most of the authors go on the assumption that the kids who understand and communicate with rock are the drug-and-flower children—a mistake.

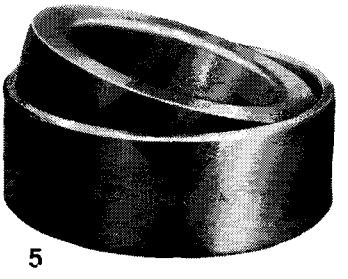
K. KOEBKE


1


2


3


4


5

VERSATILITY

A complete line of bearings from

RBC®

Quality products of pioneers, such as RBC, are your best insurance against costly down time. RBC is dedicated to designs that give maximum life to the users' equipment . . . products of modern technology to meet manufacturer's rapidly changing needs.

1. RBC Pitchlign Bearing: The roller aligning cage has its own alignment maintained by the integral flanges of the outer race. This combination assures positive directional control of the rolling elements.

2. RBC Self-Aligning Bushing: Shaft fatigue from misalignment caused by manufacturing tolerances, deflections due to heavy loads or long spans between bearing centers are eliminated by RBC's Heavy Duty, Self-Aligning Bushing.

3. RBC Sealed Pitchlign Bearing: Like the standard Pitchlign, it has the heaviest cage used in this type of bearing, plus large shoulder backed seals to retain lubricant and exclude dirt.

4. RBC Pitchlign Roller Follower: Heavy walled outer race for unsupported outer race rotation. These units can be used with or without seals and with or without inner races.

5. NEW! RBC Heavy Duty Self-Aligning Thrust Bushing: A simple Self-Aligning Bushing with very high axial capacity and a relatively high radial capacity.

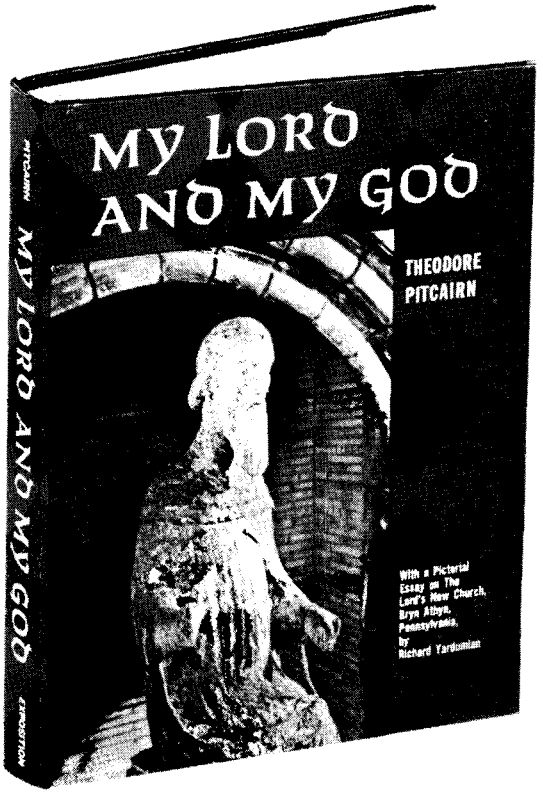
Write or ask your RBC representative for further information today.

RBC® ROLLER BEARING COMPANY OF AMERICA
Sullivan Way, West Trenton, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE THE CHURCHES

DO WE NEED A NEW RELIGIOUS CONCEPT?


MY LORD AND MY GOD
THEODORE PITCAIRN
With a Pictorial Essay on The Lord's New Church, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, by Richard Yardumian
MY LORD AND MY GOD
PITCAIRN
SWEDENBORG

MY LORD and MY GOD

Essays on Modern Religion, the Bible and Emanuel Swedenborg

by THEODORE PITCAIRN,
one of the pastors of
The Lord's New Church
(Swedenborgian)
at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

FROM THE TEXT

History teaches us: Civilizations grow and flourish, and then degenerate and fall. It is the same with religions. There are those who feel that the present civilization shows signs of decay. Prominent men and women have pointed this out, but what causes the decay is not clearly seen. The fall of civilizations and religions is the result of false attitudes or a false religious philosophy—that is, of sophistry—arising out of wrong motives.

DANGER TO THE CHURCHES

From the book: Most people consider atheism and communism to be the greatest danger to the church. But the greatest danger is not from without, but from the sophisticated leaders within the church, who have no living faith in the Word of God or in the Lord as God, and who often undermine the faith of the simple. With the increase of worldly education, nearly everyone is becoming sophisticated, so that spiritual wisdom is becoming rare.

The sophisticated have gained the dominant power not only in theological schools, but in most of the leading universities, art schools, magazines and museums, and in the government, so that one scarcely finds a proportion of one wise man to twenty sophisticated persons in places of prominence or power.

MANY DO NOT LOOK TO THE LORD

The sophisticated and sensual man strongly resents the idea that every word in the Word of the Lord has a spiritual significance and that everything in creation corresponds to a spiritual idea or to some Divine or human affection, for such an idea threatens the center of his life, which resides in his conceit, in relation to his scientific ideas, and in his sensual delight in pleasures as such. He does not want to lift up his eyes to the mountains; he does not look to the Lord for help, for he trusts in himself and delights in his scientific or philosophic ideas and sensual pleasures. He will therefore combat against the above idea with all his might and with every argument at his disposal; for he does not wish to leave the life he is in, although he is aware at times of its emptiness. He cannot realize that all good pleasures can serve love to God and one's neighbor, and that when such pleasures serve these higher ends, man is far happier than he was before.

Lincoln's Religion: When Abraham Lincoln was running for President, some asked him what was his religion. To this question he replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the First and Great Commandment. And the second is like unto it; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Most Christians would say that they agree with Lincoln, but there is scarcely one in a hundred who seriously attempts actually to carry out such a belief in his life.

In past centuries many made faith, or the contemplation of God, the only thing of importance and neglected the things having to do with our love and duty to our neighbor. At the present day most, even in the churches, looking to the good of society—or social gospel, as it is called—which they identify with love toward their neighbor, neglect the words of the greatest Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy *mind*."

LICENSED TO USERS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOSING THEIR INFLUENCE?

From the Prologue: A religious belief which demands profound study and effort, which has no prospect of becoming popular, which is and will be despised by the learned sophisticates, and which therefore will be accepted by few, has little appeal, except to those who desire to find and follow the truth even if it causes them to be despised and ridiculed.

The great majority of people say that they believe in God. But in modern times, particularly in America and Europe, the idea of God has become more and more vague and uncertain, so that to many, God has become an unknown God.

WHO IS OUR LORD?

Nowadays most people think theology is unimportant; they think that they can have a kind of intuition of God, apart from any definite idea. If a person thinks he loves his father and mother and is uninterested in the character and quality of his parents, in the history of their life, in their goals, their ideals, and their thoughts, his love is a sentimental love of no value. In the same way, if a man thinks he loves God and is uninterested in theology, his love is a sentimental love of no value; for theology is nothing but the knowledge of God, and to pretend to love without wishing to know God is a fantasy. In a word, if one says he loves God and is uninterested in theology, his love is not genuine.

THEODORE PITCAIRN

It is important not only to know, if possible, who our Lord and God is, but also to know the nature, attributes, or qualities of God. A false idea of God necessarily leads to a false idea of man; and vice versa, a false idea of man leads to a false idea of God, and this, to a false idea of life.

If a man does not find his Lord and his God, he ascribes this to his understanding and not to the real cause, namely, that not having a pure heart, he cannot see God—he cannot find Him.

A NOBLER RELIGION

From the Postscript: The higher, the purer, and the nobler a religion, the worse are they who are in it and do not live according to its precepts. A bad heathen is not nearly so bad as a bad Christian . . . whereas a Christian who lives contrary to the Lord's Commandments, and feels certain he is saved, is the worst of all, for to his other sins he adds the worst form of pride. The prime evil in the world is the love of self, pride, vanity.

Every man by his very nature loves himself in the first place, and from this love wishes in his heart to be as God, knowing from himself good and evil. He does not want a Divine Human God above himself, before whom he is to kneel and bow down. He does not want a Divine Revelation of the Word of God. If, therefore, a man is really to seek God where he can be found, it is not in the first place an intellectual question, but it is a question of wrestling with one's own pride and the conceit of one's own intelligence, for it is these that hide the face of God, and no seeking after God will enable man to find Him as long as these hide His face.

Some accept atheism or agnosticism because they wish to give free rein to their desires, apart from any restraint of conscience. Other become agnostics or atheists because they see so many so-called Christians live hypocritical lives—going to church and putting on an appearance of piety, whereas in business and sexual conduct they are worse than those of many who make little pretense of having any faith.

A NEW UNDERSTANDING

We especially address ourselves to those who are distressed at the signs of the times and desire to consider the basic causes of the confusion of our day: causes which are on the plane of ideas but which have their effect in the life of people. We shall examine the cause of what we see as the decline of Christian civilization and consider remedies for it.

The only real cure demands a new understanding of and faith in the Lord, a new understanding of the relation of God to man and of man to God; and a new repentance out of a humble heart. This must be accompanied by a hope—but a realistic hope, not an optimistic idea that all things will turn quickly for the better; a hope that there will be a sufficient number of people who will come to a new repentance so that there can be established a true Christian civilization which can endure.

Theodore Pitcairn

BOOK ROOM OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH
P.O. Box 151
Bryn Athyn, Pa., 19009

Please send ..... clothbound copies of MY LORD AND MY GOD @ $7.50 per copy.

Please send ..... paperback copies of MY LORD AND MY GOD @ $2.50 per copy.

Check or M.O. enclosed.

NR-3

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip Code .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Wanted

ATTORNEY, seeking position abroad in International Business and Trade. Intelligent, aggressive, ambitious, innovative, conservative. Background in business and international relations. Married, 28. Write NR Box 1276.

INDIVIDUALIST, 29, YR's, YAF, UROC, AOA, NRA, Sierra Club. Hydrographer, $805/mo. Children, stepchildren, wife (journalism major) long active politics. B.A., geography, 8/70, heavy psychology. Want paying involvement national, international struggle. Versatile; vocabulary, writing ability. Outdoor type. Write NR Box 1274.

YOUNG MAN 28 years of age with strong background in sales and management looking for new career. Has been working in own business for past five years. Wants to move up fast! Plenty of ambition! Write NR Box 1277.

ATTORNEY, COLLEGE TEACHER, and Presbyterian Minister rolled into one; 36 years old. Desires conservative teaching situation preferably overseas (but will consider stateside). I have taught the following courses in accredited colleges within the last five years: Criminology, Sociology, Business Administration, Philosophy, Marketing, History and Economics. I possess four earned degrees (doctorate included). My greatest conservative reference is that recently a project of mine was rejected by the National Endowment for the Humanities. I will, upon request, furnish complete data and references. Write NR Box 1278.

Employment Opportunities

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-A, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You—Latest Australian Opportunities Handbook describing Government assisted passage, living allowances, employment, business, farming, teaching, hunting, fishing-plus application forms and Employer's list $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032SQ, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. 1970 government information and forms $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of Over 100 American Firms Now Hiring for Overseas Projects. $1.00. TRANSWORLD, Box 90802-CC, International Airport, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Literary

BEHOLD THE MAN—A richly rewarding book which explores—*The real nature of God, Christ and man. *The amazing likeness of The Lord and man. *The true nature of life: body, soul and spirit. *The fulfillment of this life. *The bliss of immortality. $3.50 Order your copy of this timely book today! Dr. Charles Burke, P.O. Box 297, Raymondville, Texas 78580.

POEMS WANTED FOR QUARTERLY PUBLICATION.—Poetry Pageant, Box 3677-CNR, Washington, D.C. 20007.

Investments

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and trouble-free brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 19 Rector St., N.Y., N.Y. 10006. 212-422-0700. Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Sales

LITTLE KNOWN VACATION/RETIREMENT havens in Florida. Exciting new booklet. $1. Petty Products, Box 930, New Smyrna, Fla. 32069.

Travel—Vacations

INDIAN CAVE LODGE and Cottages. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $97.50 up/week, including meals. Write for folder. Dept. 33, Lake Sunapee, N.H. 03782.

TEN MILES AT SEA, serene outer island, a small quiet inn for fourteen guests. Rooms with bath, heat. $13-$19 including breakfast, dinner. June-Sept. The Golden Gull, Box R, Monhegan Island, Me. 04852.

MIDDLE EAST 5-country survey tour featuring HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL BRIEFINGS by official Arab and Israeli representatives. 3-weeks $1095. from New York, including air, deluxe accommodations, transfers, special sightseeing. Departures Sept. 8, Oct. 6, Nov. 3. For itinerary and full details, contact: CONTEMPORARY TOURS, MANHASSET, N.Y. 11030, (516) 627-1440.

Miscellaneous

COMPUTERS/PERIPHERALS bought and sold. CAC sells second and third generation computers and punched card equipment—all under manufacturer's maintenance. CAC also pays cash for used equipment. Try our brokerage listing network, too. Computer Acquisitions Company, P.O. Box 29185, Atlanta, Ga. 30329, (404) 458-4425.

SINGLE?—PHOTOS OF DATES enable you to pre-view and select from 4-10 ideal mates! Saves time, expense, and disappointments of blind dates! Advanced matching systems assure compatibility! All ages. Entire U.S. Write for information and FREE questionnaire: YALE PHOTO-DATING® SERVICE, INC. P. O. Box 509, Dept. H, N.Y., N.Y. 10028.

WRY IDEAS—CATALOGUE, 25¢ (deductable). Wry Ideas, Box 178-R, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

WORLD'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE! First edition . . . giant card-table size . . . over 4,000 squares! Unique gift! Only $1.00 postpaid. BRAINY, Box 213-C, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching)—All Ages "Let TEAM Make You a Team." Write: TEAM Project, 1270 Broadway, Room 519, N. Y., N. Y. 10001.

I.Q. TEST. Self-score. $1.00. Psychological Tests, Box 1343, Portland, Ore.

BEAUTIFUL 2⅛ inch American Flag buttons with slogan "OUR FLAG-HONOR IT" 30¢ each. Joseph D'Adamo, 654 East 229th St. Bronx, N.Y. 10466.

WATCHES REPAIRED INEXPENSIVELY. Electronically timed and guaranteed. Tim Skoning, P.O. Box 761, Elgin, Ill. 60120.

BEACHFRONT SUMMER HOUSE, East Hampton, N.Y., co-ed. $358 for 4 months. 2 male shares left for interesting, down-to-earth, lively conservative. (516) CH 2-3523 after 6:30 PM.

PHILATELISTS! 50 different Iraq 25¢, with approvals. Glick, Box 187-x, Superior, Wisc. 54880.

AMERICAN FLAG TIE-TAC/LAPEL PIN; Fine jewelry item—7/16", enameled colors. Gold plated $2.95; solid 14K Gold $5.95. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Frantonia Specialties, Dept. B, Warren, R.I. 02885.

LETTERS REMAILED—25¢ each, $3.00 monthly rates; send stamped addressed envelope inside another. Nelson—700 Meadow Lane, Concord, Calif. 94520.

COLLECT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN buttons. A fascinating hobby! Free photo catalog. Buttons, Etc., Box 1460R, Los Gatos, Calif. 95030.

CONSERVATIVE? You can even be flamboyant! Save time, money on any decorating problem. Ben Rapaport, A.I.D. Write Box 249 Sea Cliff, N.Y. 11579.

TOP CONSERVATIVE MAILING LIST AVAILABLE: NATIONAL REVIEW has 400,000 current, proven buyers (unduplicated) for immediate use. (No active NR subscribers included, however.) Price Per M is conservative too—and special pricing arrangements will make list irresistible. Minimum 5,000 test can show you why we're so eager to get this list to the right people. For details, please write Ed Capano, NR, or call him at 679-7330. ext. 851.

FREE 64-PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-NW, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

STUDIO APARTMENTS AVAILABLE in fine building located in Brooklyn Heights close to all shopping and excellent transportation. Five minutes to Wall Street. $165-$185 monthly. Reply in detail. Broker Box 1510, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[MRS. OLIVER B.] GREENE:

The Generation Gap

It may look dark and foreboding . . . but however dark and discouraging the future may appear, the fact remains that it is filled with grand and glorious possibilities. We are the custodians of the treasures of the past, both the good and the bad. What will we do about the future?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

(Continued from page 596)

sionist and imperialist ambitions of its predecessors.

The terror that followed this forced "union" continues to this day. It reached its peak, however, in 1933 in the artificial famine, imposed to break the spirit of independence in the Ukraine. Nearly ten million Ukrainians fell victim to this genocidal act.

Audubon, Pa. SERGIE ONUFREICZUK

Oh, THAT Hitler . . .

After reading John D. Lofton Jr.'s "About that Hitler Quote" [April 21], I couldn't help but notice the same quote when it appeared in *Parade* Magazine.

Believing NATIONAL REVIEW to be a reputable and high-quality journalistic publication (which I still do), I challenged *Parade* to produce the quote's source. Surprise! *Parade* editor Jess Gorkin did. His reply: "The source of our information is Joachim Schonbeck of the press staff of the German Chancellery in Washington, D.C. Mr. Schonbeck told us he had verified the quotation from the Institute for History of National Socialism in Munich."

Lofton did reveal a gross weakness in many publications and persons who used the quote without verifying the attribution. But was it really a "bastard Hitler law-and-order quote"?

Columbus, Ohio MARTIN BUTTLE

Stay tuned—we're checking. —ED.

Battle of the Bards

If proof were still needed that some amateurs can top the professionals, Dr. John A. Dooling furnishes it with his scintillating "*droit de reponse*" in verse to von Dreele, the Rhymer-in-Residence. You ought to put this talented medic on the payroll.

Atlanta, Ga. A. T. RENSON

Doctor John A. Dooling should have launched his campaign against calling certain items Johns about ten years ago, when he would have had the powerful support of President John F. Kennedy and Pope John XXIII.

Rockville, Md. SVEND PETERSON

STERLING L. SMITH

MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT

Planning
Organization
Control

EUROPEAN ASSIGNMENTS WELCOMED

R.F.D. 9, Greenville, S.C. 29609
Telephone (803) 233-4852

MAN-MADE POLYMERIC
NEW PRICE SHOES

SAY "the END" to $15 to $30 SHOES

2 PAIR FOR 14.95 WE PAY POSTAGE

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF FOUR STYLES

CASH IN NOW on these Extraordinary Savings! The day of the high priced shoe is over. Folks are paying many dollars less than ever before, thanks to the miracle new "polymeric" shoe materials. This is no "cheap imitation" shoe. It's the real thing: the New Price Shoe that looks and feels and wears as well as any shoe you have ever worn and yet costs a fraction of the price.

YOU'LL BE SHOCKED WHEN YOU SEE OUR SHOES

After what you've paid for shoes, you'll wonder how any such price as ours can be. Well, you get top quality uppers, good lifetime laces, life-of the shoe PVC sole and heels, flexible support shank in the arch, gentle foam heel cushions, superior gentlemen's detailing. The works! Even the new luxury linings.

IS YOUR SIZE ON THIS CHART?

	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	12	13
A									✓	✓	✓	✓		
B				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
C			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
D	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
E			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
EEE			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

WE CARRY ALL THESE SIZES!

Please note: At the price we sell shoes, we are not allowed to mention the famous brand name of this new shoe material. Suffice it to say it looks like top grain leather, performs even better. Why pay higher and higher prices? Get in on this astounding low price. Send in now:

TWO PAIRS FOR $14.95

We will be proud to send them to you for ON APPROVAL AT HOME INSPECTION
Your remittance refunded in full if you do not choose to wear them.

See It Yourself! Use this Coupon!

NEW PRICE SHOES

SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL BE WEARING THE NEW PRICE SHOES

Today's new man-made shoe materials beat the price out of leather, scoff at scuffs, keep better shape, and *Never Need a Shine*. Why spend even one dollar more for shoes? Here's something NEW. Here's something PROVEN.

AS ADVERTISED IN
Life Magazine
The New York Times
Wall Street Journal
National Observer
Look Magazine
Newsweek

HABAND
Paterson, N. J. 07508

TWO PAIRS FOR $14.95

HABAND COMPANY
265 North 9th Street
PATERSON, N. J. 07508

O.K. Gentlemen, send me the two pairs of Shoes specified at right. My remittance of $ ..... is enclosed.

COLOR & STYLE	HOW MANY	WHAT SIZE
Black Oxfords		
Brown Oxfords		
Cordovan Oxfords		
Black Loafers		
Cordovan Loafers		
Black Wing Tips		
Brown Wing Tips		
Black Monk Strap		

NR-6

Name .....
Street .....
City & State ..... ZIP CODE

HABAND COMPANY — Operating by U.S. Mail since 1925

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Bearing It in the USSR

On The Right

Moscow, May 18—I did not come here to argue. On the other hand, I did not come here to be buried, so that when the lovely, efficient Viola told us that all medicine in the Soviet Union is free, I found myself blurting out, "Nothing is free, Viola."

Oh yes, she said, it is free. I make 120 rubles per month, and out of that I pay only seven rubles in taxes, and I get free medicine, and free doctor's care, and if I get sick, and cannot work any more, I get 80 per cent of my salary, and if I were older, I would get 100 per cent.

A hundred and twenty rubles will cost you on the free market—which is on no account to be confused with the Russian market—about $25. I didn't tell Viola that if she was making $25 per month in the United States she would be paying no taxes at all, and Michael Harrington would have her on the jacket of his next book. And I didn't mention that the black market price for one of Solzhenitsyn's novels is eighty rubles, or two-and-one-half week's salary. One of Solzhenitsyn's books has been read aloud over the air very slowly, in installments; by Radio Liberty. All over Russia there are avid readers who even as the letters of St. Paul were received, write out Solzhenitsyn as they get him, chapter-by-chapter over the clandestine airwaves; type it all out and pass it about, like the ancient tablets, from catacomb to catacomb.

Viola would have been distressed at this kind of talk, and she is not the kind who invites it. Her faith in her country and its leaders is very complete and very innocent. Such is her sensitivity that after having to identify the tenth monument—or railroad station, or football stadium, or museum—as the Lenin Monument, or the Lenin Railroad, or the Lenin Stadium, she began to alter the line just a little bit, to soften the suffocating beat. "This is City Library. It is named after Lenin." Then she said, softly, "you must have to understand, that we people feel very special feeling for Lenin. He gives us everything. He gives us the Revolution, and all of the many reforms, and that is why we have very special feeling for Lenin"—whose one hundredth birthday was celebrated here only last month, and whose picture is everywhere, on the cover of over a dozen magazines in a single kiosk. I think that even if I could, I would not take Lenin away from Viola. I have always despised the village atheist.

THEY ARE NOT, of course, all that way, like Viola. I found myself for the very first time in my life breaking bread with professional members of an ideological community of people bent upon doing their very best to vex an uneasy world, and if necessary to do to it the terrible things that have been done to their own country.

It is a strange sensation, but it was made moderately easy for me because neither the gentleman on my left nor the gentleman on my right set out to convert me. I asked the latter when last had he been in the United States, and he answered not since he drove down with Mr. Kosygin to Glassboro, to see President Lyndon Johnson.

Oh yes, I twitted, I remember that very well, remember especially envying you and Mr. Kosygin driving down the New Jersey Turnpike without, courtesy of the U.S. Government, a single other car obstructing you. On the other hand —I added ho ho ho—you people did as much for me when I drove in from the airport yesterday, ho ho ho.

The allusion to Lenin's failure to provide his people with automobiles was, if understood by my dinner companion, unappreciated; if understood, ignored. The gentleman on my left, with a superior sense of humor, told me about his daughter, fifteen, and his boy, twenty. Neither had he, the father, been in America for several years. But the last time he was there, he picked up a paperback copy of Harold Robbin's *The Carpetbaggers,* a lusty tale of lust. He told me that he kept the book until his son's twentieth birthday, at which point he presented it to him with the observation that now he was old enough to read it. Old enough to read it? said his son. Why, I read that book three years ago. I laughed, and asked him whether this was the Russians' generation gap, and he answered that well, he had always thought there was a generation gap in Russia—until he went to America, and now by comparison he doesn't think there *is* a generation gap in Russia.

Ho ho ho—I tried again—once again you have failed to achieve American standards! He smiled hugely, but one wondered whether he'd have felt, if there was an audience there of Violas, that he'd durst have smiled at a comic inversion of the sacred creed of Soviet superiority. I mean, what does Foreign Minister Gromyko do to people who smile? Send them to Russia? They know not what they do. But as I say, I am not here to argue. □

GOD-BAITING IN THE SOVIET UNION

Leningrad, May 20 — Everybody knows that Russia is a land of paradoxes, but few have imagined how little pains the Communists take to conceal them. On the road to Zagorsk, the spiritual home of old Russia, you pass a splendid monument: a graceful, gently arced titanium bow tapering, 75 feet high into a missile, the first to orbit the earth: a fine commemoration of an extraordinary scientific achievement that required extraordinary resources. A few miles further down the same road you note that a central hydrant delivers the water to the neighboring villagers. There is no running water fifteen miles from the capital of the country that orbited the first earth satellite.

At Zagorsk you visit the monastery of St. Sergius, the patron saint of Russia. Here is one of the three surviving seminaries in the Soviet Union. For a while they were all shut down and then, after the War, eight were permitted to reopen. Khrushchev, in pursuit of moderation, cut them down to three. The seminaries of Holy Russia introduce into the country about one priest per one-half million Russians per year.

But the abbot does not talk about such matters. They recently buried the Patriarch Alekseiy, at age ninety-two. Many thought him a fellow traveler, for consenting to the long list of humiliations imposed on his church by the Soviet government. But he presumably

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew that protests would not avail him, and reflected that martyrdom is inefficient in Russia. He lies in a little catacomb underneath one of the old sacred buildings, with a few wilted flowers on his grave.

The grave the day before was something else. So heavy is the continuing demand to see the tomb of Lenin that the crowd stretches for two to three hours on a typical day. Honor guards keep the line moving at a rate that permits over two thousand people to slip by every hour. In front of us were schoolgirls, tiptoeing down the stairway, their right hands frozen in salute. You could almost hear their excited heartbeat. The guards hushed those who had not already been arrested by the mystery and the silence. My companion had his right hand in his pocket, and the guard brusquely told him to take it out—one does not go slouchily toward Bethlehem. All over Russia, the banners proclaiming Lenin's one-hundredth birthday have gone chiliastic in tone. "Lenin lived. Lenin lives. Lenin will live." (*In the beginning was the Word . . .*) Or: "The Holy Lenin appeared on this earth in 1870" (*The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us . . .*).

We were now just a few steps away from the turn to the right which brings you in view of Lenin, who died 46 years ago, but is preserved for the pilgrims who file so reverently by his remains, and exposed in a glass coffin. Up you climb, a half-dozen steps, then over past Lenin's feet, so that you stare directly down at his face. (How chancy it all is. When the Czar was overthrown, Lenin was in Zurich, rubbing oil on his balding pate, wondering whether modern, nonideological science would bring back his hair. Lenin was out of luck. None of the sciences he invoked ever did anything for him.)

In Leningrad, beautiful Leningrad, the Soviet government has transformed a cathedral, in which stood the Black Virgin of Kazan icon, sacred in the history of Russia—before which Nicholas prayed for the success of a country which was lunging toward a most militant atheism—into a permanent museum of "religion and atheism." It is a child's garden of antireligious graphic art, done under Lenin's rubric, "We seek the emancipation of the working people from the superstitions of religion."

Pity the poor Russians. Imagine, St. Lenin as a substitute for St. Paul. We went by an exhibit of torture instruments—"these," our guide told us matter-of-factly, "were used by the religious people during the Inquisition." "Are they," I asked, "a part of the Lubianka collection?" At first she smiled. But quickly she thought better of it. "That is not a funny joke," she said. She is a very sweet and scholarly lady, and I did not wish her to be hostage in surrogate ideological warfare, so I said that I agreed with her, that no jokes about torture are funny. She said, spotting a copout, "No, I don't mean that jokes about torture aren't funny, I mean jokes about what you said aren't funny." I retreated, like travelers to the Soviet Union should. Sadly, believing as I do that all, all is lost to any society that dishonors the King of Kings. But that is a personal prejudice, which in Russia only St. Sergius and a few other subversives cherish, hoping as they do for a turn of events, in which connection God would prove most useful. □

HYSTERIA U.S.A.

Warsaw, May 24—I think I like diplomats. I was in the room when the news was brought to our ambassador to Warsaw, Mr. Stoessel, that the Chinese had canceled their scheduled talks, in protest against Cambodia. His reaction was that of a manager informed that his store had run out of peanut butter. Well, order some more. Well, wait for the Chinese to change their minds. If they want to, they will; if they don't want to, there's nothing we can do about it. Some of the boys in Moscow, at the Soviet's U.S.A. Institute, tried to work me up into a dudgeon over our action in Cambodia, and it was wonderful to see their feigned indignation when, in fact, you knew that what they really wondered about was our stupidity at not having done the same thing long ago. Look, I said, the border of Cambodia is a geographical fiction as far as you people are concerned. Why do you find it deplorable that we should treat that border in exactly the same way that you do? They changed the subject, and started talking about MIRVs.

News in this part of the world is very difficult to get, because of course you can't buy non-Communist newspapers. What you hope to get, from somebody at an embassy or from a journalist, is a not-too-old copy of *Time* or *Newsweek*. I got the May 18 *Time* in Warsaw the day I observed the calmness of our diplomats, and it was like a plunge into hysteria. It is one thing to hear the Communists rant and rave about things in general, something else to hear it done by the editors of the most prominent American newsweekly. You would have thought, on reading this issue, that Richard Nixon had launched a pre-emptive nuclear strike against North Vietnam.

The tone is at once frustration, self-pitying and apocalyptic. The response to Cambodia "mocked" Nixon's "unfulfilled promise to lead the nation" "forward together"—as though B's response to A's leadership is necessarily A's fault. Nixon's calculations concerning the domestic response to Cambodia proved to be "dangerously wrong": once again, the planted axiom being that it was Nixon's fault that the Kids, or *Time* Magazine, should have become hysterical. Cambodia "has already destroyed far more American resources of morale and cohesion than any North Vietnamese supplies could be worth"—a sylleptic confusion exposed by asking the question: What resources of morale? If a nation goes crazy because we do a militarily obvious thing, where was the morale we suddenly lost?

The Kids, by contrast, are treated by *Time* as a cross between St. Francis of Assisi and Immanuel Kant. "They filled the warm evening with the refrain of the John Lennon mantra: 'All we are saying is give peace a chance.' " Ah, the sweet innocence of youth. "Some of the less inhibited youngsters stripped and went wading in the nearby Reflecting Pool." The reference is to a dozen great big post-pubescents whose anxiety over Cambodia caused them to strip nude and frolic in a wading pool at the center of the central park in the capital city of the nation, poor youngsters.

ON THE BACKGROUND of Cambodia there is some very bad reporting ("Henry Kissinger was also said to have dissented and took pains to deny the rumor" but was careful to tell his friends who remonstrated with him, " 'I want you to understand that I hear you' "). And embarrassingly premature doom-talk. "When President Nixon announced two weeks ago that he was sending U.S. combat troops into Cambodia he hoped to achieve two major goals. One was to force Hanoi into meaningful negotiations. The other was to reassure America's allies that in a crisis the U.S. would not be 'found wanting.' On both counts, he not only failed but failed disastrously." For one thing, only people under the age of eight expected that Hanoi would instantly respond to Cambodia by coming to the bargaining table; for another, anybody over the age of eight knows the uses of heroic rhetoric. The historic event of two weeks ago proved to be not Mr. Nixon's decision to cut off the supplies in Cambodia, but the panic of some Americans whose urbanity and sense of perspective is the keel of the Republic. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Part of the French Empire (Fr.)
198 1 18 47 65 99 111 118 13 169

B. This was issued by Henry IV and revoked by Louis XIV
126 163 183 200
208 22 42 54 91 119 134 66 131 158
166 175 231

C. An old province of France
49 17 23 2 121 213 110 195

D. Street where the Minuteman whiled away an idle hour
173 88 61 100 149 36 80 162 179 186
32

E. A vowel point or accent, as in Hebrew or Arabic
87 101 184 214 217 24

F. The management of domestic affairs (why not introduce it into foreign affairs?)
93 223 3 109 34 229 167

G. A period of anarchy, bloodshed, and confiscation, 1793-1794
112 9 94 82 98 197 215 39 60 193
209 228 14

H. Part of a famous rallying cry (see WORDS I and V)
132 105 152 21 27 194 128

I. Part of a famous rallying cry
5 16 28 46 48 59 72

J. A nail size
145 31 35 177 136 147 201 204

K. They follow the horses (few of them are ahead)
155 40 75 67 8 141 143

L. A city near Chicago
161 207 124 142 117 11 43 203

M. Unscramble STOP FUROR
189 103 63 129 226 68 144 146 73

N. Resonance on percussion
20 180 140 191 202 44 78

O. Phrase from the hymn "Loyalty to Christ"
12 30 37 58 4 62 71 83 85 95
53

P. A type of beds (geological)
168 106 210 130 125 151 171 137

Q. France's national anthem
178 19 89 122 154 221 232 38 79 133
157 165 25 50

R. A novelist and essayist who won a Nobel prize in 1921
185 10 45 52 74 150 182 218 227 55
70 96 116

S. A rat kangaroo
26 216 107 205 174

T. The son of a French king, he succeeded one brother and was followed by another
33 92 114 135 148 192 160 170 196 212
7 29 56 64 224

U. A king of France
84 108 120 139 199 225 188 153 104

V. Part of a famous rallying cry
86 6 76 102 90 164 81 230 113 127

W. What Cyrus Eaton has on a certain subject
97 57 15 41 51 69 138 115 176 219
77 187

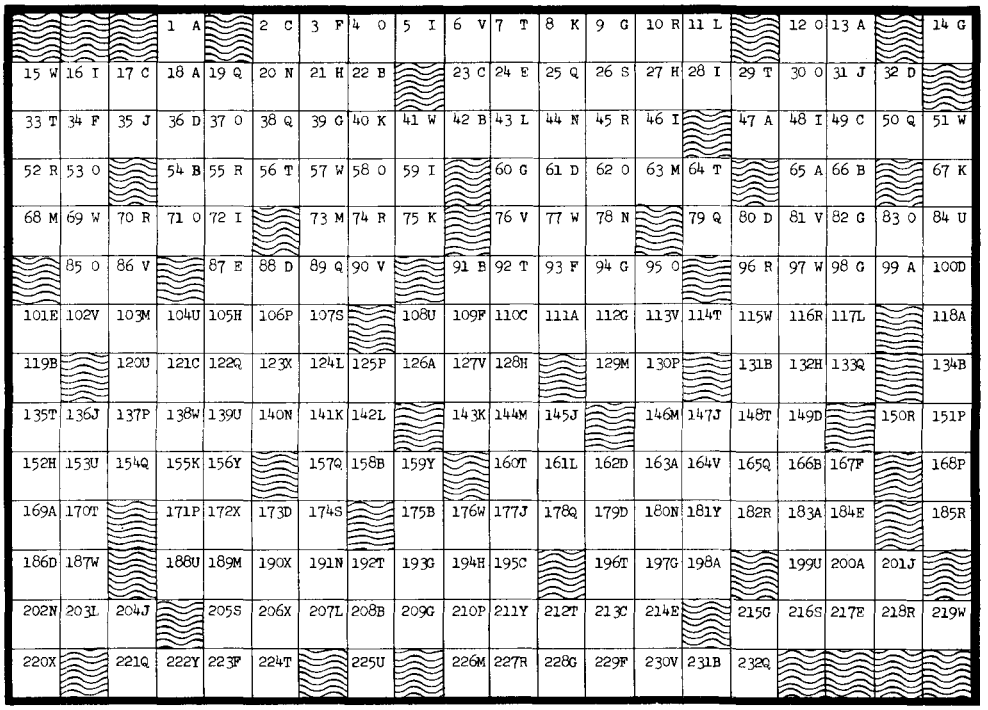
X. The first duke of Normandy
123 206 220 172 190

Y. Apparently acting for oneself, but really for another
159 222 181 211 156

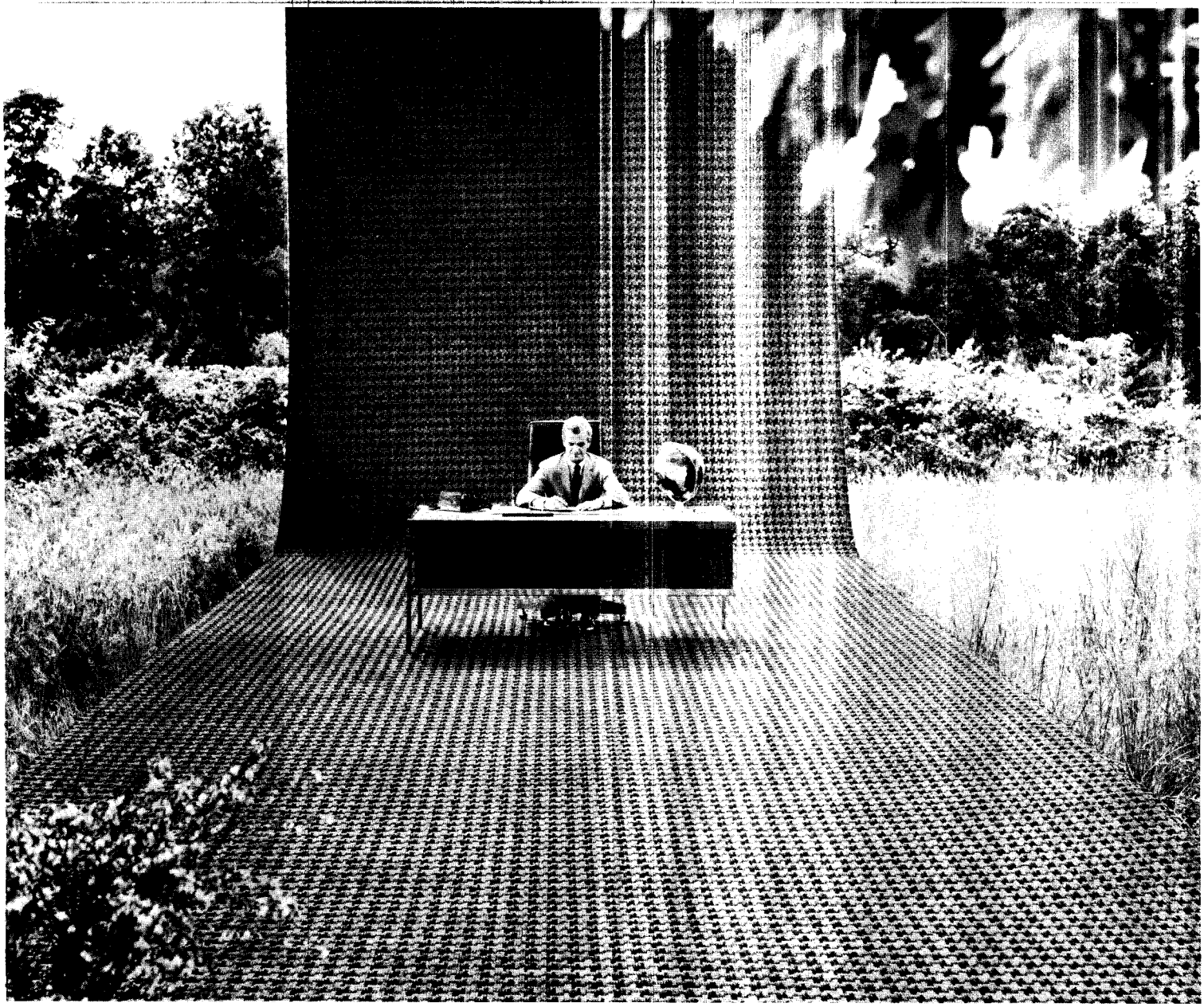
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 642 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Milliken introduces the ecological carpet...

specifically designed for the modern businessman's environment.

The pattern is Executive Park. Contemporary version of a Bond Street tailor's houndstooth. Rich, thick, impressive underfoot.

Milliken research developed this carpet to thrive in *any* environment, indoors or out. It won't fade in sunlight, won't wilt in rain (in case your office has a terrace). It's resilient, fire-retardant.

Every Milliken product—for home furnishings, fashion and industry—is the result of meticulous research. Understandably, since Milliken has the world's largest textile research and development organization.

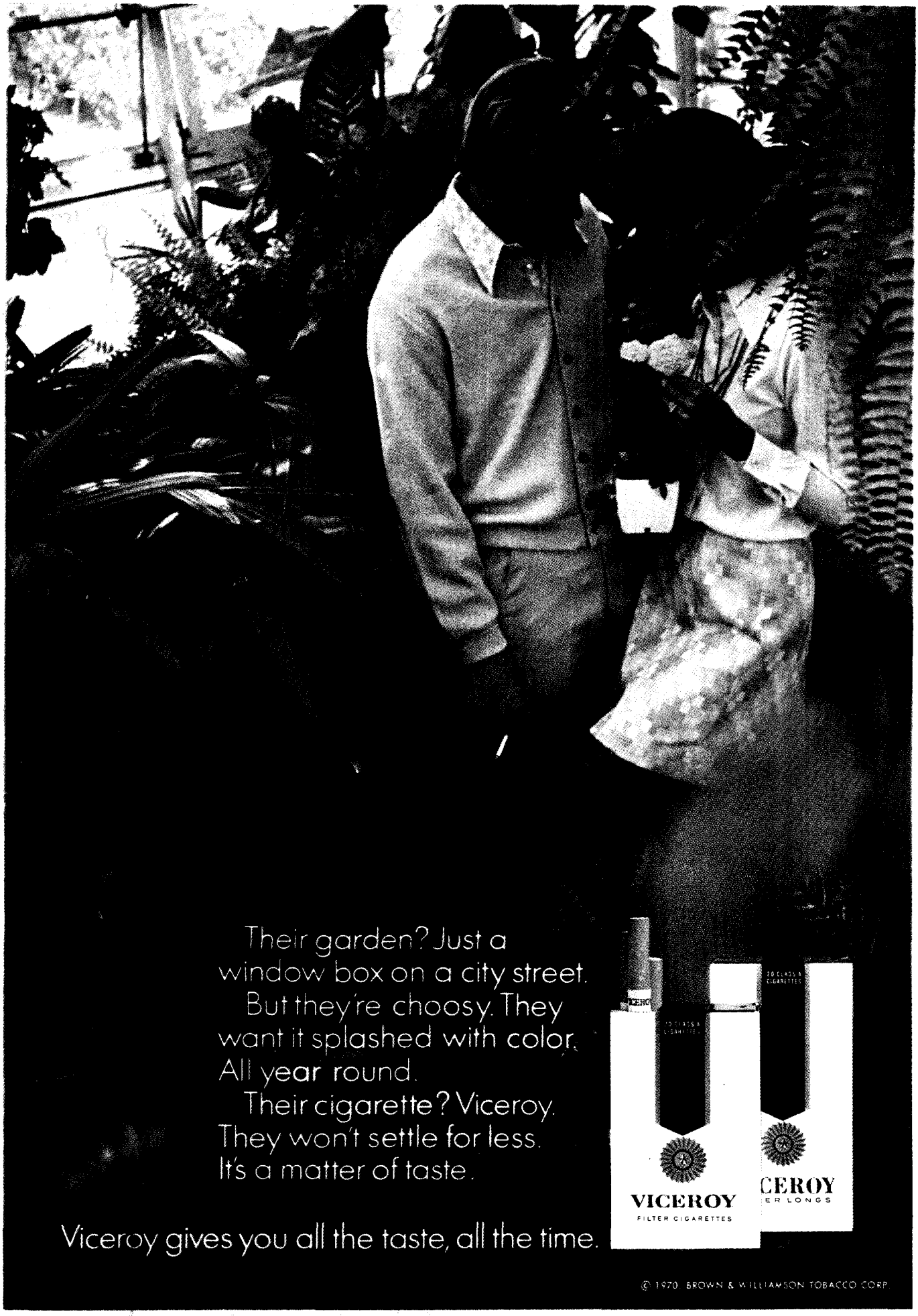
If it's in the future of textiles, chances are it will come from Milliken.

Over 500 patents attest to the productivity of research conducted here at the Deering Milliken Research Center, Spartanburg, S.C.

MILLIKEN

Consumer Products Division, LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Their garden? Just a
window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They
want it splashed with color.
All year round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
VICEROY
FILTER CIGARETTES
© 1970 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED